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"COMMON HUMANITY": by J. D. BERESFORD

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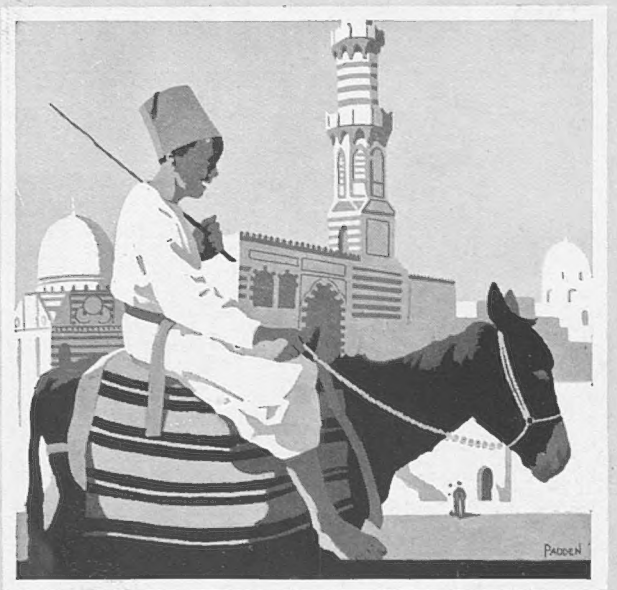


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The Bystander, June 19, 1929 No. 1331. Vol. CII

# The BYSTANDER

BYSTANDER *Exclusive Colour Photograph* *Raphael*

## THE CONTESSA MARCONI

*The wife of Senator Marconi, G.C.V.O., of wireless fame. The Contessa, who is the daughter of Count Bezzi-Scali, is spending the Season in Town, and will be cruising in her yacht Elettra after Cowes*

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C.F.H. 58

# GLORIOUS FLIGHT!—ARIELS of the HOUR

*The Hon. Noel Guinness and his wife, formerly the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller, both of whom are enthusiastic aviators. They are seen at Stag Lane Aerodrome with their new Gipsy Moth Coupé*

*Mrs. Arthur Cleaver disembarking from her 'plane at Croydon after partaking in a record flight to Karachi and back. She is the daughter of the Rt. Hon. H. M. Pollock, Minister of Finance for Northern Ireland. Inset: Princess Ingrid of Sweden waving good-bye to her friends before starting on a flight over London*

# THE PASSING OF TRADITION

By Hannen Swaffer

WELL, now Daly's has gone the way of all tradition. They offered £230,000 for it the other day for a talkie theatre! Humorists even said that Sam Isaacs wanted to buy it because "It looked a very nice plaice!" Daly's comic operas are dead, so much so that Harry Welchman, reviving an old one and trying to stage a new one, lost £8,000 in a few weeks, and then, retiring from actor-management, went back to American musical comedy. Yet tradition is not the building. It is the idea.

IT is almost heart-breaking sometimes when you go into His Majesty's to know that if you are not going to see a French musical play where Tree staged Shakespeare it will be some Russian dancers, or a Hollywood thriller, or a play about Nelson written in Germany. You remember, too, that since Tree died pierrots have been there, and *Whitebirds*, with Lew Leslie, and *Oh, Kay*, with its negroid noises.

Upstairs in the dome there are still on the walls Charles Buchel's paintings of *Richard II*, but, alas! the place looks more like a castle built for the films, nowadays, than the famous room in which Tree used to hold his supper parties.

Yet I guessed all that would happen when Tree died, and they moved the pictures away and sold them in a Bond Street auction room. I took Balieff to see the sale, and, although he knew Tree only by reputation, he looked very sad. No one else seemed to care.

A stage organ, cleverly described as "suitable, with slight alterations, for a place of worship or, in present form, for a high-class cinema theatre," was bought for use in a crematorium! It had been used for *Much Ado About Nothing*, and yet, when they sold something bought for a great Shakespeare play, a cinema owner and a manager of a crematorium started bidding against each other for the ownership!

STILL, a loving-cup given to Tree by friends was sold for £4 16s., and a piece of stone inscribed, "I stole from Nero's ancient statue this aged brick," for 15s.

The original of Norman Wilkinson's Drake poster, "England Is Watching," which impressed us so in 1914, went for 12s.; a stage ring which once belonged to W. C. Macready was sold for £10 10s., and for a paltry ten guineas they sold the enormous portrait of Tree in *The Ballad Monger*, which for years was hung on the stairs. The catalogue called "Gringoire," Tree's great part, Gregoire.

WHEN Frederick Harrison died one Sunday, and they allowed me into the green room at the Haymarket Theatre, I was the first newspaper man who had ever been asked into that sacred room. The green room was part of the Haymarket tradition. No one but members of the company was allowed inside.

Still, you cannot live up to a green room, you know. Poor Horace Watson, who told me the news, and spoke with tears in his voice of the theatre's great loss, had since had to shoulder the responsibility. *Yellow Sands*, staged there by an outside manager, Sir Barry Jackson, ran for a year. But the Haymarket has had four plays there in quick succession since Christmas, *Mr. Pickwick* and *The Ivory Door*, and then two Barrie revivals.

THE Haymarket management carry their tradition into their behaviour towards the Press. Even if you wrote in a newspaper that "The Haymarket Theatre, that charming playhouse in the Tottenham Court Road, has been burned down," they would feel too deeply the dignity of the Press to reply. Indeed, there is a mysterious old-world courtesy there. They are all so well bred in the tradition.

On the walls you still see the drawings of *The Little Minister*. They have been there for years. I would rather see the promise of another Barrie. Years ago, when Cyril Maude was there before his break with Harrison, drawings were made with grease-paint by famous artists on the walls; and there you will still find them. John Barrymore, who once played Hamlet there, and used that old dressing-room of Maude's, talks of it to this day.

"Send me a picture of the Haymarket stage door," he wrote once to Sasha, the photographer. "I shall always treasure it as a reminder of when, in London, I was a Shakespearian star!"

Yet what playwrights are these to keep up the Haymarket tradition? Soon, too, we shall be asking, "Where are the actors?"

I AM afraid James White really killed the Daly's tradition. He used to sit in George Edwardes's seat in the board room and talk about "the finest theatre in the world," but the tradition soon died when Robert Evett left. White thought you could buy plays like you buy cotton mills.

The St. James's still remains one of London's most respected theatres. The box office manager appears on the programme as "Mr. Arnold." They are very particular about your throwing away your cigarette when you arrive at the top of the house. The bar is so far away from the theatre that it seems almost in another building.

So steeped in George Alexander's history is it—George Alexander's memorial faces you in the *foyer*—that it is the only London theatre where *Charley's Aunt* has failed!

Covent Garden Market strongly objected to Drury Lane Theatre being painted outside. When they put red over all the pillars the porters called it "Rhubarb Row." They did not mind American plays there so much, but the sight of new paint was too much for them.

The Lyceum's attempt to remember its former greatness consists of a bust of Henry Irving inside the door, but it is a dreadful thing. Drury Lane has statues of once-great actors downstairs on the way into the stalls, but I am afraid few people notice them.

When the new theatre was to be opened it was suggested that the first play should be *Ned Kean of Old Drury*, a melodrama which had been greatly praised on tour. The matter reached the board.

"Who's Ned Kean?" asked one of the directors.

"His statue is downstairs," was the reply. "He was one of the greatest actors England produced, and his chief triumphs were won in this theatre." The director had never heard of him!

AT the theatre a few nights ago I met an actor-manager.

"It's good news about Ben Greet," I said.

"What's that?" he asked.

"His knighthood," I explained. "Didn't you see it in the newspapers this morning?"

"I didn't see the papers to-day," was the astounding reply.

Now Ben Greet is more in the tradition than any theatre. He had been knighted by the King that day for his services to the Shakespeare tradition as a recognition of years spent in fostering talent. Yet an actor-manager did not know.

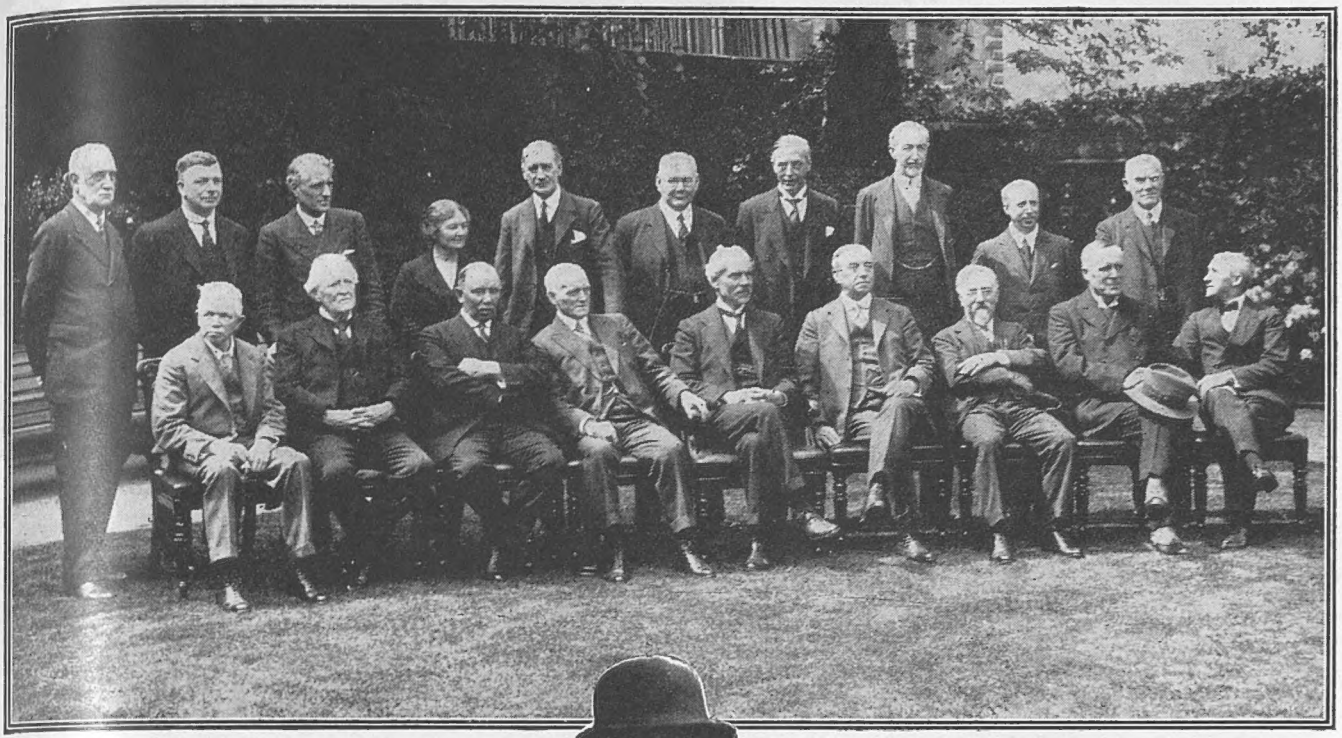
THERE is too much worship of bricks and mortar and too little regard for flesh and blood. There is too much worship for the coffin and too little belief in the human soul.

Lee Shubert owns a share now in His Majesty's and the Adelphi and the Gaiety; Gilbert Miller, American by citizenship though not by descent, helps to run the St. James's; there are other American influences in part command, at least, of several London playhouses. That is not nearly so important as the fact that English managers are filling their theatres more and more with American plays acted by American players, and that American producers now possess a stranglehold on our English theatrical art.

The people asked for bread and they gave them a talkie!

Once, when I was walking along the Strand with a New York manager who had come here full of sneers, I said something about tradition.

"Tradition?" he echoed with a rising tone. "Why, we buy it in bottles. And we sell it back to you in tin cans!"



*The new Labour Cabinet which, having been duly photographed, filmed for the "talkies," and interviewed, can now settle down to work. The members are seen in the garden at No. 10*

# LE STANLEY EST MORT—

ABOVE you see the new Socialist Ministry photographed in the garden of No. 10, Downing Street, the residence of the new Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Below you see Mr. Stanley Baldwin retiring modestly by the back door of the same house, reflecting, maybe, upon an ungrateful world.

* * *

THE old saying, *Le Roi est mort—Vive Le Roi*, might almost be applied to the new Cabinet. The soi-disant popular Tory Press seems prepared to accept the Socialists, including Mr. George Lansbury, at their own valuation.

* * *

LANSBURY in the Ministry is the first sign of unregeneracy. Mr. W. A. Jowitt, eminent Counsel, has carried politics to a lower level than even before. To throw over the Party which elected him yesterday to get the job of Attorney-General to-day is an act of cynicism which only a Socialist crowd could contemplate without nausea.

*EHEU FUGACES!*

*Mr Baldwin leaving No. 10 by the back door*

*Photographs Central Press and Keystone View*

# VIVE LE RAMSAY!

IT is already rumoured that Mr. Snowden will at once remove the safeguarding duties. American motor manufacturers are preparing a big dumping campaign already. Why did Coventry return a Socialist pledged to a policy which will ruin half of its population? The ignorance of the working classes is only surpassed by the pathos of their political sadism. But if the Socialists make Britain the Mecca for the foreign dumper they will dig their own grave.

* * *

JIX at last is to become a Viscount. If this bigoted kill-joy had been translated there a year ago probably the Conservatives might have scraped home. Meantime there are heart-searchings. The hand of Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, the Chairman of the Conservative Party, has been called. It is a busted flush. No wonder Mr. Baldwin looks gloomy and Mr. Amery is in full revolt.

KIM.

# PARIS TOILETTES OF THE HOUR

*A delicate design of anemones makes a thing of loveliness of this chiffon dinner dress, which is worn by Madame Drake-Exner*

To meet a famous woman dress-designer is one of the most interesting things in the world, for it is always so interesting to discover the sort of clothes she wears herself. The unconventional photographs on these two pages are therefore of especial interest, for they show people whose names are renowned throughout the world of Fashion, and incidentally they are indicative of the very latest edicts of *La Mode*. Paris is making a determined stand against the habit which has obtained such a hold upon women of wearing sports clothes not only in, but out of season.

ONLY in the morning will she tolerate tailored suits, and then she achieves sartorial perfection by the wealth of care which she lavishes upon the selection of the accessories. On the opposite page Madame Drake-Exner is seen in an *ensemble* which is a harmonious study in green and brown, and is typical of those which are at present regarded with favour. Chanel, who loves bold designs and clear colours, wears a striking costume, an interesting feature of which is the collar and cuffs of white linen. Lady Abdy, who is with her, is universally acclaimed as one of the smartest women in Paris. Her Chanel necklace of twisted beads accents the simplicity of her woven jumper suit.

*"Jay Martin," our Paris correspondent, wears a pair of blue satin pyjamas, with a vividly printed jumper, in which yellow predominates. They come from Irande*

PRINTED chiffon is one of the loveliest summer fabrics, and is enjoying a tremendous vogue, especially in designs which show delicately tinted exotic blooms or fresh-looking field flowers. Nothing could be more charming than the dinner dress chosen by Madame Drake-Exner. Coral, blue, and yellow anemones are strewn against a black ground, conjuring up visions of a fragrant old-world garden. For the cocktail hour Jay Martin, our Paris correspondent, whose bulletins from the Citadel of Fashion are always so full of advance information, favours satin pyjamas which incorporate the colours of sunshine and happiness—yellow and blue. The narrow sash swathed round the hips has a very softening effect.

LUCIEN LELONG is a past master in the art of combining black and white in such a way that nothing else can rival its distinction. In the photograph on the extreme right of the opposite page his beautiful wife wears an evening *ensemble* which, because of its intense individuality, would hold its own on gala occasions or would look equally correct at a small party. The graceful folds of the skirt are reminiscent of Grecian draperies.

*All the photographs on these two pages were taken in Paris by Sasha, under a special arrangement with* THE BYSTANDER

# FAMOUS WOMEN AS MANNEQUINS

CLOTHES "POUR LE SPORT" ARE WORN DURING THE MORNING, AND MAGPIE EFFECTS INTERPRET THE TRUE MEANING OF "CHIC" WHEN EVENING COMES

*Madame Drake-Exner, who was formerly Mrs. Evelyn Boyriven, is here seen in a green cheviot suit which has a tucked-in blouse of Shetland wool. With it is worn a brown scarf and a neat brown felt hat*

*This wonderful black and white ensemble is worn by Madame Lucien Lelong. The quaintly shaped coat has unusual sleeves, and is made of chiffon velvet, while the satin dress boasts an elaborately cut skirt*

*Mademoiselle Chanel and Lady Abdy in the garden of an hotel in the Faubourg St. Honore. The massive necklace of twisted beads is one of Chanel's latest inspirations*

# TWO Attractive BRIDES of the YEAR

TYPIFYING YOUNG AMERICAN AND BRITISH SOCIETY HOSTESSES OF THE SEASON

*Photographs* *Lenare*

*Mrs. Condé Nast, whose marriage took place a short time ago. She was formerly Miss Charlotte Brown and is the daughter of Mrs. Donald Winchester Brown*

*Lady Alington, formerly Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury. Lord Alington's seat is at Wimborne in Dorset*

Photographs Keystone View

*The Call of Spring answered by a young nymph in a setting that typifies all the fresh sylvan beauty of the fairest of the seasons*

# The Passing Hour

### *The Season's Peak*

THE peak of the Season is attained. Ascot and the Aldershot Tattoo, inseparable functions, are upon us, and though both will be denied the presence of the King and Queen it will not diminish the numbers who ordinarily go to witness that which appeals so strongly to the stranger within our gates. To gaze at Ascot at that living garden of organdi, foulards, crêpe de Chine, ninon, and I know not what other frocks that cling about the beauty within the Enclosure. And in the Enclosure and the Paddock, although the majority may not be beautiful, yet the surroundings, the tradition of the occasion, give them all an illusion of beauty that the rain, when it comes, fails to wash away.

I hear, by the way, of many heart-burnings and much bitterness as the result of sundry refusals from the Lord Chamberlain's office to grant Royal Enclosure vouchers. This year the "black list" contains the name of a certain journalist peer—so

*Miss Angela Duggan, the daughter of Mr. Julien Duggan, of the Argentine Embassy, stops to give the first bridal handshake to the Sergeant-Major in charge of the Guard of Honour furnished by the Grenadier Guards. Her husband, Mr. James Hennessy, is the son of Sir George Hennessy, Bart., M.P., and Lady Hennessy*

EYevonde

*MISS WANDA HOLDEN*

*Whose marriage to the Hon. C. W. Baillie-Hamilton, M.P., will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 17. Her fiancé is the member for Bath, which he represents in the Conservative interest*

many peers seem to find their natural affinity in Fleet Street to-day—who, when in the Enclosure last year and a member of the Royal party, inadvisably repeated the conversation at the luncheon table. He will not be seen on the right side of the white gates this year. I doubt if he will even be seen at Ascot at all.

***New York Comes to London***

AMERICANS are now in comfortable occupation of London, and every additional liner from the United States reinforces their numbers, so let us do everything to maintain and increase these "visible exports." They will swoop down to Ascot this week to watch their countryman's horse Reigh Count in the Gold Cup and Mr. Jock Whitney's Royal Minstrel in the Royal Hunt Cup on the previous day. Reigh Count has been more talked of before going to the starting gate than after passing the finishing post, for this most vaunted animal has only won once during the season, though it has been entered for three or four important events. Mr. John Hertz bought Reigh Count as a present for his wife, and last season its success justified its description as America's champion racehorse. By the way, if anyone points out to you at Ascot the dark features of the Sultan of Zanzibar, accept the information with caution. The Sultan, unless his itinerary is changed, will be visiting Glasgow and Edinburgh, so that anyone thinking to discover him South of there will be liable to be as mistaken as were Cambridge University authorities many years ago when Horace Cole played that incredible hoax on them by by disguising himself and his friends and daring to pretend they were the Sultan of Zanzibar and suite. What is more, they completely succeeded.

***A Royal Change***

THE King will be going to Sandringham in the first week of July, a change that will be exceedingly welcome to him, for he prefers the more intimate surroundings of Sandringham House to the State apartments at Windsor. The Norfolk air is immeasurably better and more bracing than that of the Thames Valley, and should help to remove likelihood of any further attack.

A summer-house at Sandringham is being fitted with sliding glass panels so that the King may obtain all the sunshine he requires while shielded from any treacherous wind. The King's nurses will not leave him when he goes from Windsor, nor, indeed, will they go until his health is completely restored.

The Duchess of York and Princess Mary will be hostesses at the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace next month, when the Prince of Wales will deputise for the King. The Queen has decided not to be present, and she will be absent from Goodwood and Cowes also.

***The Advertising of Downing Street***

IT is a little surprising in these days of great scientific and philosophic development that the public is still treated as though they were squawking children in a giant nursery. Of course, the majority, no doubt, do suffer from arrested mental develop-

Wide World Photos

*Mr. J. R. Clynes, the new Home Secretary, with his predecessor, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, seen at the Metropolitan Police Sports Ground at Imber Court. Jix will soon find himself in the Upper House and if "The Bystander" has helped to elevate this staunch defender of DORA from the Commons to the calm of the Lords it has not worked in vain*

# MINISTERS AND THE TALKIES

*Topical Press*

*WORDS OF WARNING TO MR. SNOWDEN!*

*Mr. J. H. Thomas in very earnest converse with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Can it be that "Jim" Thomas is warning his colleague of the dangers of discarding Safeguarding?*

on the part of our politicians is the pursuit of personal publicity. The Conservatives started the nonsense, and Labour has not had the courage to forgo it. Whatever the buffooneries of individual politicians, it is preferable that the Government of the country should at least conduct itself with some recollection of our history and dignity. What can justify the Hollywood methods of allowing a talking film to be taken of Mr. MacDonald's Cabinet? Does he hope to impress the domestic servants of Mayfair and Belgravia with its sex-appeal?

Having to suffer silent pictures of politicians "at their desk" or "strolling in the garden" was arduous penalty enough for the price of ment, but it is a pity that newspapers and politicians should never give them the benefit of the doubt. The latest manifestation of stupidity

*MISS PAMELA CARME* *Janet Jevons*

*Who is playing in "Hold Everything," the new boxing musical play at the Palace. In private life she is the Hon. Kathleen Pamela Boscawen, being the only sister of Lord Falmouth*

## RACING HINTS

*By "Old Orkney"*

Bookmakers have scored recently, many "good things" having missed the mark. But remember my previous remark, "Money Talks!" and horses that have been heavily backed and have lost should be watched very closely.

Here are six more to add to the list of horses to follow until they win.

**CAPET**

(Bay G., by St. Louis—Blackflight). Owner and Trainer, H. L. Cottrill. Was backed to win a lot of money when down the course to Bibiani at Kempton Park. This gelding must have done something pretty smart at home, and will no doubt reproduce the form on the course.

**SWIFT MARTEN**

(Ch. C., by Marten—Mrs. St. George). Owner, Major D. Dixon. Trainer, S. Darling. Was well expected when beaten the shortest of heads by Adherent at Kempton Park. This was the colt's second time out this year. He performed creditably last season.

**MEDARLIN**

(Bay G., by Meleager—Bachelor's Darling). Owner, Sir C. Hyde. Trainer, Scobie. When running third to Braygola in the Rangemore Plate at Epsom, was only beaten three-quarter length and short head from the winner. This gelding is just coming into form and should be followed.

**TANGIRA.**

(Gay C., by Tangiers—Statira). Owner, Lord Beaverbrook. Trainer, Wootton Known last year as the Statira Colt, this three-year-old was beaten a short head by Lacock in the Epsom Town Plate (six furlongs). He was confidently supported, and losses should be regained at an early date.

**BRENDORO**

(Ch. G., by Golden Sun—Lady Brendan). Owner, Mr. W. Maiden. Trainer, Turner. Was badly drawn in the Epsom Town Plate when fancied by his connections, and could only finish fourth. He is in good fettle and will soon be winning a race.

**QUICK LIGHT**

(Bay F., by Galloper Light—Gerunda). Owner and Trainer, Mr. R. C. Dawson. Was expected to win the Mickleham Selling Plate at Epsom, but in a bad start was one of the worst sufferers, and was never in the race with a chance.

## STARS AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY

ENTER THE VILLAIN! Keystone

*Sir Gerald du Maurier (right) as the extra heavy villain of the Grand Giggle company at the Theatrical Garden Party is drummed out by a right-minded rustic. On the left the long-suffering heroine, represented by Noel Coward, continues to remain coldly aloof*

KISSING CUP'S RACE? Central Press

*F. G. Hicks receiving a strictly unofficial welcome after winning the Junior T.T. Race in the Isle of Man. His machine was a Velocette*

their brains in the past; now that they talk as well makes it unendurable. It is surely not proper that a Government should lend itself to such cheap advertisment as is the resort of some minor players and actors. That eminent Ministers should resent being included in the gossip columns of the daily Press and then go out of their way to be included in what is nothing more than film gossip is supreme illogicality.

### *Permanent Officials' Joy*

IT is said that no one prefers a Labour Ministry so much as the permanent officials in Whitehall, and the War Office are never tired of recalling the halcyon days when the late Mr. Stephen Walsh was Secretary of State, and how his inevitable reply to any fresh suggestion would be, "Has it been done before?" If so it was right, if not it was referred back for fuller scrutiny.

The tales of the Labour Ministers' dependence on the permanent under-secretaries are no doubt exaggerated, but it is an indication of how much Mr. J. H. Thomas appreciated the work of his former private secretary at the Colonial Office that he should now be reappointed in the Unemployment Minister's new post. This is Mr. "Eddie" Marsh, without whose be-monocled presence no first night ever seems complete and no private view of pictures can consider it has justified its existence without his attending.

Mr. Marsh has one of the most valuable collections of modern art in the country, and his principal delight is to discover new artists. His latest discovery is Mr. Fergus Graham, an exhibition of whose works is now at the Redfern Gallery. Mr. Graham suddenly decided to try painting one day, and forthwith went into a colourman's and bought the necessary materials. Luckily for him, inspiration was not defeated by lack of technique.

"SHOOT, LES

*Leslie Henson putting in some heavy work with a ci... fire with a brave ...*

### *Three Brides at St. Margaret's*

THREE times last week St. Margaret's, Westminster, was crowded for the marriages of three charming young women. First, Miss

# A BALL WITH AN HISTORICAL SETTING

Carol Glorney, whose mother owned a Derby runner that should not be so far down the field the next time out, was married to Mr. Jack Johnson, a name that has formidable associations, and, curiously enough, Mr. Johnson distinguished himself as a boxer, I believe, when an officer in the Royal Artillery. He has now left the Service, however, for the more lucrative, if less glorious, hazards of the City.

On the following day Sir Harry McGowan's daughter was married in the same church to Mr. D'Arcy Melville Stephens. Miss McGowan has inherited all her mother's lively charm together with her father's sense of humour, and, like Miss Glorney, walked to the altar carrying a sheaf of lilies of the valley. Miss Glorney had nine bridesmaids, in their yellow frocks and picture hats quite an imposing retinue. Miss McGowan only had four, but she also had Lord and Lady Melchett's two grandchildren, Derek and Julian Mond, as pages, and Miss Isobel Corsi and Miss Adyne Szarvasy as train bearers. Miss Szarvasy is the daughter of the chief promoter of this year's opera at Covent Garden.

Finally, there was the wedding between Miss Joyce Burnett and Mr. Robert Adeane, also at St. Margaret's, but which I was unable to attend. I am told it brought almost as many peers and peeresses into the vicinity of St. Stephen's as are at the opening of Parliament.

Keystone

*NOT AFRAID!"*

*atrical Garden Party. His victim, who faces the dable Gracie Fields*

### *Heroines of the World*

THE Season has already provided several spectacular dances, but I imagine the Romance of History Ball on the 26th of this month will eclipse many of its predecessors. London's reputed Society beauties—and many do live up to that reputation!—are to dress up and assume the parts of those magnificent and tragic heroines who put the spice of actuality into the dead pages of the past. Such inglorious and glorious ladies as Marie Antoinette, Joan of Arc, Lady Sophia Lindsay, and Douroff, the "Captain Barker" of the Napoleonic wars, who only revealed her sex when the Emperor gave her the Order of St. George which was never granted to a woman.

The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt is to be Marie Antoinette, and that, I think, is a suitable choice; then the Queen Isabella of Castille will be played for the evening by the tall and exquisite Marquise de Casa Maury, and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Mond will be Joan of Arc. Not.

Keystone

*WHEN GREEK JOINED GREEK*

*Gene Tunney, a boxer with a punch, meets George Bernard Shaw, who also possesses a punch, but keeps it in his pen, on the Island of Brioni. A little mutual admiration can presumably be enjoyed by even the very great*

**Daphne du Maurier**

Contributes a New Short Story

**"DIFFERENCE IN TEMPERAMENT"**

*in Next Week's "Bystander"*

*AT RANELAGH* Keystone

*The Princesse de Croy at Ranelagh presenting the Fortnightly Challenge Cup to the winning Life Guards team. They beat the Buccaneers in the final*

# PRINCE GEORGE INAUGURATES BRIGHTER BRIGHTON

I.B.

*Prince George replying to an official address of welcome at Brighton when he opened the bronze gates of the new £120,000 Aquarium. He is so busy nowadays that his engagements exceed those of his elder brothers*

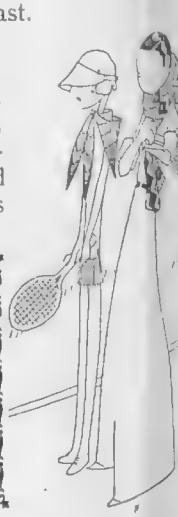
however, the simple Joan in farm clothes and wooden shoes, but in a regal display of fleurs-de-lis and gold.

### *A Sensational Salome*

SENOR FEDERICO BELTRAN-MASSES is really very fortunate. His painting of Salome has been stigmatised as the most daring picture ever painted. How many artists would not sacrifice years to have that said about a picture! Many will go to see how much it does dare. They will see Salome, nude save for a couple of jewelled garters, painted with something of the anatomical exactitude Mrs. Dod Procter gives to her work. As Beltran-Massés paints her, Salome had evidently been kneeling when the head of John the Baptist was brought her by the black slave, for in horror she has fallen back upon her heels, one hand snatched to her forehead, the other across her breast.

### *At Olympia*

THE 18th International Horse Show, which opens to-morrow, Thursday, promises to be a record one. The prize-money and the value of the cups exceed £7,000, and there are 107 classes as against 98 last year.



**Next Week's "Bystander" will be a**

**SPECIAL LAWN TENNIS NO.**

The Championships at Wimbledon will be discussed, and there will be many other features of interest

L.N.A.

*SIR HARRY McGOWAN'S DAUGHTER MARRIED*

*Mr. D'Arcy Melville Stephens and Miss Isobel McGowan leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. The bride is the elder daughter of Sir Harry and Lady McGowan*

# The "CRUSADERS" at the ALDERSHOT TATTOO

ON the left is seen a battle—but not to the death—between two Crusaders mounted on hobby horses, which is one of the lighter incidents in the Aldershot Tattoo. This year the Authorities have surpassed themselves and both the modern and historical incidents prove that the Army produces not only fine soldiers but excellent actors. The Pageant is magnificently produced by a committee of "Brass Hats," presided over by the witty Major-General J. C. Harding-Newman, C.B., C.M.G., the Pageant Master

Keystone Photos

*A glimpse of the vast Rushmoor Arena at Aldershot, which provides so fine a setting for the Tattoo. King Richard Coeur de Lion is seen leading his Queen to the throne to witness the jousting, which is one of the features of the historical side of this year's Tattoo. The Authorities responsible have provided a remarkably fine show in every respect*

# SACHA GUITRY IS INTERVIEWED—

*Mlle. Yvonne Printemps resting, but not in the theatrical sense of the word. "Mariette," in which Mlle. Printemps and her husband, M. Guitry, are now appearing at His Majesty's Theatre, is fascinating all London*

## NON, NON! YVONNE!

*A Drama in One Act*

*Scene:* A Suite at the Savoy.

Enter the Bystander: Je—je—je——

M. Guitry: How do you do?

The Bystander: The Editor says . . .

M. Guitry: I thought it was the Editor regrets . . .

The Bystander: If you and Mlle. Printemps ——

M. Guitry: Excuse me, is this an interview with me?

The Bystander: Yes. And also, I hope, with Mlle. Printemps . . . *(looks around)*

M. Guitry: If you ask me what is one of my unfulfilled ambitions it is to be interviewed seriously.

(*A gay, familiar voice is heard in the adjoining room.*)

The Bystander: Is Mlle. Printemps ——

M. Guitry: Then, of course, English audiences are the most responsive, the most elegant, the most sympathetic that I know.

The Bystander: I suppose Mlle. Printemps is not up yet?

M. Guitry: Now, in Paris no one changes for the theatre. It lacks the *chic* of your stalls? Evening

*Sacha and Yvonne. A recent photograph of the inimitable pair, who are equally at home in the theatres of London, Paris and New York*

# UT LA BELLE YVONNE IS NOT!

the steps of their Paris house. M. Guitry, who says adheres to the Empire tradition, not only atrically but sartorially, points out a romance midst the sparrows on the trees in his garden

dress, diamonds, pearls, the beauty of the women's frocks, it is atmosphere for the actor. It so helps.

*(There is a noise of a door opening. At last! At last! Enter a valet.)*

VALET: A gentleman has called about your bow tie, Monsieur Guitry.

M. GUITRY *(to the Bystander)*: At last, M'sieur, I have realised my ambition to be interviewed seriously.

THE BYSTANDER *(faint yet pursuing)*: And Mlle. Printemps . . .

*(The sound of that gay and lovely voice is heard again.)*

M. GUITRY: Ah, someone is calling.

THE BYSTANDER: That's splendid! Then——

M. GUITRY: So I must say adieu.

*[The above interview with the famous Sasha Guitry, but, alas! in the absence of his beautiful wife, compels us, in justification, to give greater prominence to her pictures.—ED.]*

*Photographs by Sasha*

*The lovely Yvonne Printemps. Few, if any, actresses of our time have gained such international repute as Mlle. Printemps. Her smile, her voice, her bizarre and fascinating face bestir enthusiasm upon whatever stage she appears. London is the gayer for her visit*

*AT THE PLAY*

# LIVING IN SIN AND JANGLING

***"Caprice," at the St. James's Theatre***

NOT one moment is cut to waste in *Caprice*, a Viennese comedy by Sil Vara which has been adapted—and cleverly adapted, too—by Philip Moeller. The curtain rises, and we see Counsellor Albert von Echardt consoling a client in a most unprofessional way! This client, who is called "a delicate lady" on the programme, is seen no more, but that amusing little opening gives us an insight into the lawyer's character, and we realise at once that he is a petticoat hunter and that his amours are the keynote of the play.

NO false scent has been laid. The Counsellor is indeed a ladies' man! Marriage is outside his ken, but always requiring feminine comfort, he is, when the play starts, "living in sin" with Ilsa von Ilsen, a most attractive, aggravating baggage, who alternately makes life a heaven and a hell for him! At one moment he loves her deeply, and at another he confesses he would like to murder her! But his affection does not prevent him having affairs with other females of the species, neither does this affection prevent Ilsa from contracting more than friendly relationship with others of the male sex. Indeed, she excites her lover's jealousy by specifically mentioning a charming Czech!

BUT it is not present-day infidelities which, as Ilsa sees, are likely to cause a permanent estrangement. The danger lies in the past, when a certain Amalia calls on the Counsellor and begs him to adopt their illegitimate son. She does not ask her old flame to marry her—only that their child shall have his chance in the world. Ilsa is on the alert!

A WEEK passes, and father and son meet for the first time in a scene of delicious comedy. The Counsellor agrees to the youth stopping in the house, and the mother arrives on the scene. She still has no thought of marriage—or says so! Ilsa, who has left her lawyer-lover for the time being, returns, and the youth is struck all of a heap by her in another scene as subtle as it is amusing.

ONCE more Ilsa leaves—she is always threatening to leave for ever!—but ten days later she turns up again, to the joy of the Counsellor, who finds the presence of his former mistress irksome, and at the finish Ilsa triumphs, for both "mother and child" leave for ever and Ilsa gets a proposal of marriage from her lover, a proposal for which, we suspect, she has been angling for quite a long while. But how does she secure this triumph? By bleaching her hair and altering her appearance in order that the Counsellor will have the satisfaction of feeling that he will take in his arms yet another—and a different—woman!

THE bare bones of the plot can give no idea of the wit and subtlety with which this hardly edifying story is told, and in inartistic hands this comedy would, in all probability, lose every atom of its appeal; but as played by the Theatre Guild Acting Co. of New York and produced to perfection by the adapter — never have I seen a production so natural and yet so theatrically effective—it is a thorough treat for all lovers of good acting to whom subtlety in character drawing also appeals.

EVERY part is perfectly played. The sentimental mother of Lily Cahill; the poetical, sentimental son of Douglas Montgomery—a Teutonic type little known in England; the matter-of-fact old housekeeper of Caroline Newcomb are all just right.

# MARRIAGE BELLS

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

*Sketches of "Caprice," at the St. James's Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS*

More than just right is the picture of the amorous Counsellor of Alfred Lunt; and absolutely superb is the performance of Lynn Fontanne as Ilsa. Here is acting perfect of its kind—the sort of acting which makes one wriggle in one's stall with joy. Lynn Fontanne is English by birth, but it was in America that she learnt her job and returns the finished product. Is it only on the other side of the Atlantic that such training can be procured?

***"Because of Irene," at the Little***

JUST as a contrast I mention this play, which otherwise would hardly be worthy of notice. Whatever chance of success it may have possessed was absolutely ruined by the casting of May Haysac for the principal part of Irene. It was mainly because of Irene that this comedy thriller failed either to amuse or thrill! It may have intended to do either or both, but the performance of the leading lady only caused exasperation!

***"Let's Leave it at That," at the Queen's Theatre***

A COUPLE who should know something about the theatre have collaborated in the making of a comedy called *Let's Leave it at That*. This couple is composed of Jeanne de Casalis and Colin Clive, and it says much for their stage-craft that they have managed to hold the attention of an audience with a story so thin that, compared with it, a skeleton dude looks like a fat man!

VERA MARTIN and Michael Stern have lived together without benefit of clergy for a couple of years and for a reason not made too clear determine to marry. Vera writes and has been bitten by the bug of futuristic art; Michael is an actor who fails to understand it. United they quarrel—divided they love each other!

NEEDLESS to say, that they quarrel directly after their wedding. She leaves him to sleep in the flat above. He stops below and, awaiting her return, fails to turn up at the theatre where he is acting. The next afternoon they meet again. Reconciliation and rosy raptures—but of short duration. This time he leaves her after another cat and dog fight and seven months pass.

DURING that time each tries to fall in with the other's ideas, and consequently she discards futuristic art and takes up golf, while he discards clubs, so to speak, and becomes less hearty and more arty! Final result: Yet one more cat and dog fight and the domestic duet is turned into a couple of solos!

I THINK that is really all that happens of importance during three acts, but in the course of them there are many amusing moments and some first-rate acting to put them across. Either Colin Clive or Jeanne de Casalis herself has written Jeanne de Casalis quite a good part, and she plays it most attractively. Either Colin Clive or Jeanne de Casalis has written Colin Clive quite a good part, but as this clever young actor is more seriously engaged elsewhere Lawrence Anderson fills his shoes, and they fit him admirably.

A BIG hit is made by Buena Bent in the small part of a maid who is about the best observed character in the comedy, while Morris Harvey as a Frenchman and S. J. Warmington in the familiar *rôle* of "Charles, his friend," all lend valuable support.

MIGHT I suggest, however, that were the pace of the playing increased the effect and amusement would be heightened? The pauses were far too many, and far too long. A short play is not made more effective by dragging it out.

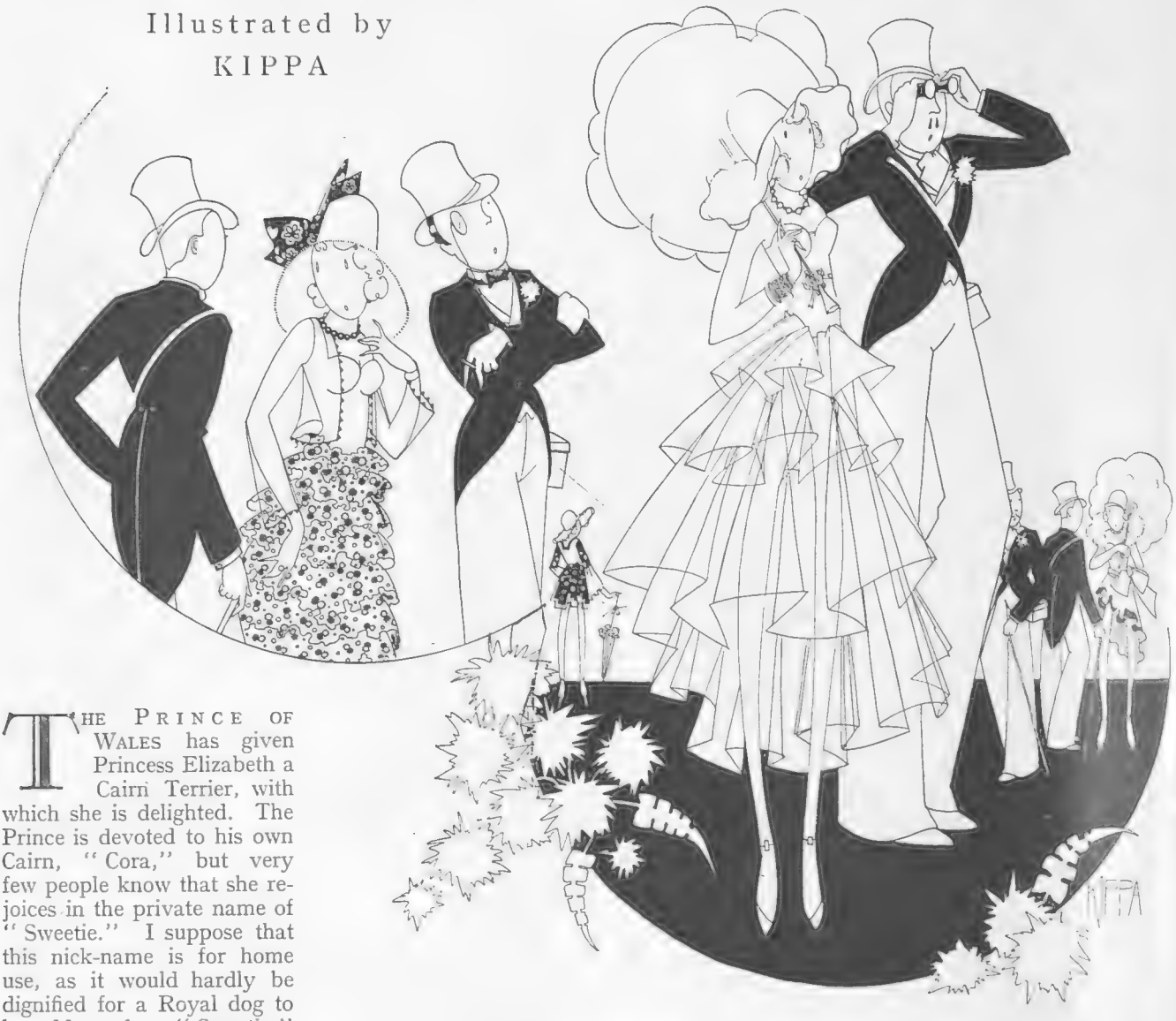
C. B. COCHRAN gave a luncheon last week to the dramatic critics to meet Laurence Langner and Philip Moeller, the director and producer of the Theatre Guild Acting Company of New York. This Guild had shown that it is possible to produce artistic plays in New York and yet find audiences for them. In fact, the Guild is not only the most artistic but the most successful commercially in America. Mr. Langner, in his speech, hoped that the time would not be far distant when an organisation run on the same lines is working in London, and if such an organisation stages such interesting productions as *Porgy* and *Caprice* I, for one, hope sincerely that it may eventuate.

V. W.

*THE COMMENTS OF CHLOE*

# The HOLY of HOLIES and the HAIRDRESSER

Illustrated by KIPPA



*"The usual excitement prevails over the question of Ascot"*

THE PRINCE OF WALES has given Princess Elizabeth a Cairn Terrier, with which she is delighted. The Prince is devoted to his own Cairn, "Cora," but very few people know that she rejoices in the private name of "Sweetie." I suppose that this nick-name is for home use, as it would hardly be dignified for a Royal dog to be addressed as "Sweetie" in public.

You would imagine that when Royalties took a fancy to a certain breed of dog it would make it the fashion, but nobody can forecast the public taste, and for no reason at all a dog will become the rage and fetch enormous prices and all the smart young things in London will be miserable if they can't drag one with them up and down Bond Street.

S

THE usual excitement prevails over the question of Ascot. Of course by now those who have applied for a ticket for the Royal Enclosure have been put out of their agony, and they know whether they will be able to bask in the aristocratic warmth of that Holy of Holies, or whether, like the damned souls, they can only gaze at the Blessed within the gates.

Personally, I can never feel the excitement that I should at being permitted to wander at will upon those green lawns. The Paddock is infinitely more amusing, for there you can see the horses, but, then, if you are really smart (unless you belong to the racing set), you don't set much store by the quadrupeds at Ascot. You are much more intrigued to discover whether the Duchess of Doodles is present than whether the favourite for the Gold Cup has arrived.

All the same, if you wish to appear intelligent, it is just as well to remember that the horses collected at Ascot are, barring the classic races, the best in England. If you are not a "horsy" person, and you have at last arrived in the Royal Enclosure, confine your remarks to such expressions as, "Ah, he *was* a horse." This sounds very well indeed, and will deceive almost anybody into thinking that you were born in the loose box which housed the Godolphin Arab.

S

AS the King will not be present this year the Royal Enclosure will be deprived of half its excitement, and there will be no reason for standing directly under the Royal Box with an air of apparent dégagéness, as though you had not worked your way there by careful manœuvring. What people hope will happen if they do stand there I don't know. Perhaps, that a pair of Royal glasses will fall on their head, which would, of course, be very gratifying.

If you know anybody in the Royal Enclosure whom you suspect of being a snob, I advise you to go on the

# LONG HAIR AND SHORT TEMPERS

Heath in your oldest clothes and to shout at them through the bars of the Enclosure. I have done this with great effect, and it makes them furious.

Quite the most important point about Ascot is finding a young man to provide you with luncheon. If each day you can trot off with a new flirt to the Cavalry Club tent or one of those delightful spots where you can eat warm salmon and tepid strawberries, you may be said to be a social success. I have often wondered what happens to a woman if she can't find anybody to give her luncheon. Personally, I should go into the village and get tea and a boiled egg at a teashop, but there are plenty of people who would rather starve in dignity than feast democratically.

If you really want to enjoy yourself I advise you to ride about the Heath, which is the greatest fun and also saves you getting several new gowns. Incidentally, you can see quite a lot of racing.

THERE is a war going on between the shingled and the unshingled. It is now tentatively the fashion to wear a small bun at the back of your head as though you were going to the bath and had forgotten to put on a boudoir cap. Old generals and decrepit admirals, whose memories go back almost as far as Lady Hamilton, write ecstatic letters to the papers about "Woman's crowning glory," and the beautiful fragrance of long hair.

Long hair is all very well if you are bedridden and can lie on a couch with two great plaits along the sheets, or if you are living far from civilisation and can roam the backwoods like a squaw. Incidentally, Red Indian women have the loveliest plaits you can imagine. But it isn't much fun to try to squeeze the "crowning glory" into a hat that has been made for a slick Eton crop.

The saleswoman tells you optimistically, that "I can stretch the hat, Moddom," and five minutes later she brings it back all out of shape, and you jam it on your head, and your face bulges out of it like a large egg or an over-ripe plum.

No, thank you! I can't really oblige the old admirals and generals by growing my red-gold plaits again. And anyhow, when do the old sinners see these plaits and these flowing locks, that's what intrigues me? They can't catch a glimpse of them under a modern hat, and when they are all bundled up on the head they aren't particularly attractive, so *when* does the admiral see the lady's hair?

Of course, the hairdressers are in despair, for short hair is a perfect godsend to them. What with cutting it and one thing and another they reap a harvest as well as a head! If it weren't for hats long hair would be much less trouble, for there are only about four days when a crop looks right. It is generally all "sque-whiff" when it has just been done, and after four days of peace it begins to grow end-y. You know so well the nervous gesture of a woman who ought to have gone to the hairdresser several days ago. She fingers the back of her head with an abstracted air, in exactly the same way as a young man fingers his moustache. She can't keep silent about it, and at last she bursts out with, "My hair's a perfect disgrace. I must have it done."

EVERY woman has her pet hairdresser, and she vows that nobody but he can possibly cut her hair. She is positively servile to him on the telephone, and you can hear her recklessly sweeping away important engagements right and left so as to find a moment when the great Monsieur is disengaged. I have never seen a man's barber approach his client's head with the same air as of a painter about to execute a masterpiece.

Women lose all sense of proportion and pay their hairdressers the most extravagant compliments, not to mention prices. You can hear them burbling in the next compartment, "Oh, Monsieur, my head looks simply divine to-day! I said to Lady Blank, 'My dear, your head's a fright. You simply must go to Monsieur ——.' I told her that if she was very, very good and never kept you waiting even a teeny minute, you might take her. I wish you would. She's rather a darling."

Personally, I adopt quite different tactics, and very, very seldom praise my hairdresser, and he is pretty grateful if I don't come back next day and complain about my hair.

CHLOE.

---

We are told that ants can lift weights that are tremendous compared with their own. Wasps can also raise quite good-sized lumps.

* * *

Gold is frequently found in sand, but all *we* ever discover in sand is spinnach.

* * *

Intuition is what warns a bride that unless she makes a doormat of her husband he will at once start making a daily servant of *her*.

* * *

Sound and colour have already been added to the films, and smell is said to be the next. But how about a little more taste?

* * *

A car dealer advertises that he stands behind every machine he sells. How fortunate he doesn't sell mules!

*"It isn't much fun to try to squeeze the "crowning glory" into a hat that has been made for a slick Eton crop"*

# FOUR DEAR LITTLE GIRLS

*Wilfrid-Jenkins*

*ROSAMOND*

*The daughter of Captain and Mrs. Wilfrid Barrow, and granddaughter of Sir Francis Barrow, Bart.*

*Marcus Adams*

*PRINCESS ELIZABETH*

*A recent photograph of the Nation's darling. She was three years old on April 21 last*

*Marian Lewis*

*LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE*

*The four-year-old daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge. She is a godchild of the Queen*

*Marian Lewis*

*URSULA*

*The charming little daughter of the Hon. Robert and Lady Serena James. She is a granddaughter of the Earl of Scarbrough and a niece of Baron Northbourne*

BY FOUET

*"Do you know, I've never kissed a girl in my life!"*
*"Well, you can take it from me I'm not running a prep. school"*

# if_ gossip_

Sport and General

*Lord Londonderry seen in the Paddock at Epsom. He set a fashion by wearing a morning coat with silk facings*

WILL the Labour Government be a "kill-joy" Government? That remains to be seen. We have had some hard things to say of "Jix" in the past few months. But "Jix," though a teetotaler and a non-smoker, could unbend at times. There was that famous supper party at the Kit-Cat when champagne was auctioned, and I have seen the ex-Home Secretary manfully standing good-natured chaff, clouds of tobacco smoke and fumes of (other people's) alcohol on a Saturday night at a famous Bohemian club. But Ramsay MacDonald is a dourish person, so is Snowden; and Sidney Webb, who should go to the Upper House as Lord Statistics of Employment, has all his life been concerned with sociological facts and figures, and they, at any rate, are dry.

"JIM" THOMAS, on the other hand, is a genial frequenter of banquets, dress suit and all; and Tom Shaw's rubicund countenance does not indicate austerity, nor, in fact, is he austere. Little Mr. Clynes, who is in "Jix's" shoes, is not a bigot. When the Socialists were last in office he gave a party at 11, Downing Street in connection with some artistic scheme, and, as our social writers say, "everything was done very well." So I doubt whether it is a case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire." It is certain that, should the Working Man want shorter hours at work and longer hours at the pub., he is likely to get them under the present *régime*. If he does get them, a democratic Government can hardly refuse to give the restaurants and dance clubs more licence, in every sense of the word, at the same time. Should Mr. Clynes wish to secure vast support and popularity for himself and his party (so far, certainly, as London is concerned), he should do his utmost to curb the ways of Prohibition fanatics among the licensing magistrates, and to abolish such absurd anomalies as drink being legally on sale on one side of the street and not on the other.

THE Derby was, as Mr. Mantalini would have said had he ever been fool enough to go there, a "demned, damp, moist, unpleasant business," with everyone, except the bookies, losing their money and their tempers. It was bad enough for us Occidentals, inured to the horror of the English summer. But what this dreary festival must have seemed like to the Sultan of Zanzibar, who was present in robes of state, I dare not think. For some mysterious reason an Oriental potentate of sorts is trotted out to Epsom Downs every year. Perhaps this is done so that, literally as well as figuratively, cold water shall be thrown on any rising enthusiasm for things British. These dignitaries possibly expect to see sunshine, glittering jewels, State processions, gold carriages, swarms of gorgeous attendants, a band with trumpeters, and, perhaps, even elephants.

What *do* they see? Rain, umbrellas (plain black, wet ones),

By A. R. CANE

VICAR (*at Board Committee Meeting*): "The band uniform will consist of a cap and coat at first, with the probable addition of trousers at a later date"

# We Must—

mackintoshes, raucous "bookies," fried fish, mud, and misery.

I HEREBY propose that a society should forthwith be formed for the Prevention of Cruelty to Visiting Orientals. Why must Sultans, Sawbwas, Mprets, Rases and so forth be dragged to a series of uncomfortable functions just because those functions are considered to be typically British? Why must each dusky stranger in our midst, if he be a ruler or anything like one, be shown the Mint, Oxford, the House of Commons, and the Tower of London, when it is more than likely that not a single one of those places has the slightest interest for him? If the S.P.C.V.O. is started, I shall be delighted to act as its honorary secretary.

"LA TOSCA" was given at the Opera on Derby night just to see if a torture scene, a couple of murders, and a suicide would cheer up those who did not back Trigo. The performance was a good one, though John McCormack was in the auditorium instead of on the stage, but nearly half of it was ruined by the late-comers in the stalls. It looks as if I shall have to take back all I said about people in the more expensive seats at Covent Garden behaving well. On this occasion there was an orgy of bad manners, the aforesaid late-comers pushing past everyone in their way, whispering loudly, arguing about change with the programme sellers, and generally making infernal nuisances of themselves.

But perhaps they had lost every bean at Epsom, and had had to walk all the way back. The coincidence was certainly remarkable.

FOR the acme of bad taste commend me to the official Socialist organ. When Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and some of his colleagues paid their official visit to Windsor rain was falling. The opportunity was taken, therefore, of suggesting

BY WILSON FENNING

LADY (*to jobbing gardener, to whom she has rashly entrusted the trimming of a yew tree*): "Oh, what *have* you done? You've absolutely ruined the bird!"

GARDENER: "Oi be a gardener, oi be. You didn't orter expect me to knows awt about pluckin' poultry!"

*Members of the E.W. (or Edgar Wallace) Division on their way to do theatrical duty in "Persons Unknown," the new Wallace "thriller" at the Shaftesbury. The appearance of these "police," played by Guardsmen off duty, was so realistic that the real police came hurrying up to inquire what the trouble was*

Central Press

*Lord Jellicoe, who captained the Admirals in their annual match against the Cadets at Pangbourne, bowling. Although Admiral of the Fleet, he is not a fast bowler*

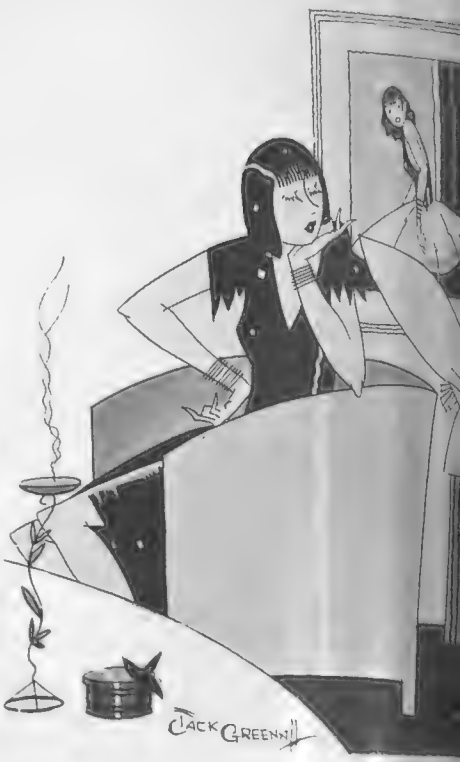
that the Royal Borough was shedding tears of woe because the "ordinary working people instead of hereditary statesmen" were in its midst. If this is not an attempt to drag the King into party politics, and to make out that the Socialist Government is personally distasteful to His Majesty, I do not know what it can be.

"MISS MAY HAYSAC is a mystery," writes a dramatic critic of the leading lady of *Because of Irene*.

True. A mystery. But not a Miss Terry.

IT was stated in a daily paper recently that Oxford has "come over awfully Ronnie Firbank." *De mortuis nil nisi* . . So I will not expatiate on the desirability or the reverse of that happening. But so many people are asking who is, or was, Ronnie Firbank, whose novels are fetching high prices, that I will describe him. Firbank, who died a few years ago, was a middle-aged man of extraordinary appearance. He was clever, in an exotic sort of way, and exotic he certainly looked. Tall and slim, he had a long, clean-shaven face, a long neck, which peered over a tiny upright collar about an inch wide, and rather beautiful hands, of which he was inordinately proud, for a frequent remark of his was "Aren't my hands lovely?" He was seen often at the Russian Ballet. He seemed intensely nervous, for when anyone looked at him he obviously went through agonies, and his favourite drink, of which he consumed a vast amount, was gin and port mixed. He was rich and, I believe, very generous.

And so Oxford has "come over awfully Ronnie Firbank"! Well, well. And *now* what about the Boat Race and the Rugger Match?




HUSBAND (*during quarrel*): "I'll s
WIFE: "You can't. It's her half-

*The Nine Gordon Ray Girls, who are appearing at the Cosmo Club this month, in training. They are claimed by the Club's directors to be so good that they—the directors—will forfeit £100 to any theatrical charity if any dance producer can furnish a troupe that is their equal or better*

I HEAR from Yorkshire that the grouse prospects are admirable. There will be plenty of healthy birds, and the "Twelfth" will be a great occasion for those whom predatory legislation will leave, or has left, with sufficient money to indulge in it. Those who, like myself, are able to regard grouse solely from the gastronomic point of view, can only hope that when these birds are put before us, in restaurants or private houses, they will be worthily cooked. In restau-

By Jack Greenall

who's running th house."

rants th are usually unworthily cooked. G rouse should never be *à la* anything It should never be stewed in a cas role or have filthy thick sauces p red over it, or done with rice and cream. It should be roasted as plainly as possible, preferably by an English plain cook, who may, for aught I care, be as plain as the Ugly Duchess. And then half a grouse, cold, for breakfast, with a slice of ham. . . But that is pre-supposing a country house and sufficient strength to tackle breakfast of any sort.

IF the theatre is to put up a fight with the "Talkies" I foresee a new form of first-nights. We shall not sally forth at eight o'clock. We shall go at midnight to the first performance, to be regaled with champagne and sandwiches. A list of celebrities present will be thrust into our hands, and we shall scan it eagerly to see whether our own name figures thereon. If it does we shall say, "What an interesting crowd of people!" If it does not we shall deem them a dull and undistinguished crew. The play will go on for the normal time, and we shall emerge about 3 a.m. The management will then lean back and wait for the superlatives.

This is what happens whenever a big new "Talkie" is launched, and the process seems satisfactory to those who set it going.

But perhaps the poor theatres cannot run even to the sandwiches? If so, they need not worry. The midnight *première* is vulgar American boosting at its vulgarest and silliest.

ONCE more thoughts of the Dome at Brighton have surged through the dome-like brow of Harry Preston. How many thousands of pounds Harry has raised, by boxing contests in that place, for the Royal Sussex County Hospital I cannot say. It must amount to sufficient to build a good part of a destroyer. But the great little man of Brighton is intent on mending rather than destroying. This year he has gathered together a more than ordinarily large and attractive number of good fellows to bash each other about, so that those who, alas! are not so strong and healthy may exist the more comfortably in their hospital beds. The evening of Saturday, June 22, has been fixed for the great occasion, and among those who will appear in the various contests and exhibition rounds are Len Harvey, Teddy Baldock (bantam weight champion of the world), Kid Pattenden, and George Moore (who is not the author of "Esther Waters" and "The Brook Kerith").

Tickets can be obtained from the Royal Yacht and Royal Albion Hotels, Brighton.

HAD *Chauve Souris* never visited London I might have hugged to my bosom the company at Daly's who call themselves the Coq d'Or. This company even include in their programme the Volga Boat Song, which has been known as the Vulgar Boat Song for quite a long time, so common has it become in these shores. The Coq d'Or company failed to reach the *Chauve Souris* standard, and I think I had better leave it at that.

## TO ANNA MAY WONG

Anna May Wong, the well-known screen star, who is also a keen lawn tennis player, wears pyjamas when she appears on court

*DEAR Anna May Wong, I must say*
*When I see you so daintily tripping*
*You look simply topping to-day*
*(You notice I bar the word "ripping");*
*The grace that you bring to the courts*
*When you show up in silken pyjamas,*
*Is certain to put out of sorts*
*Our short-skirted, stockingless charmers*

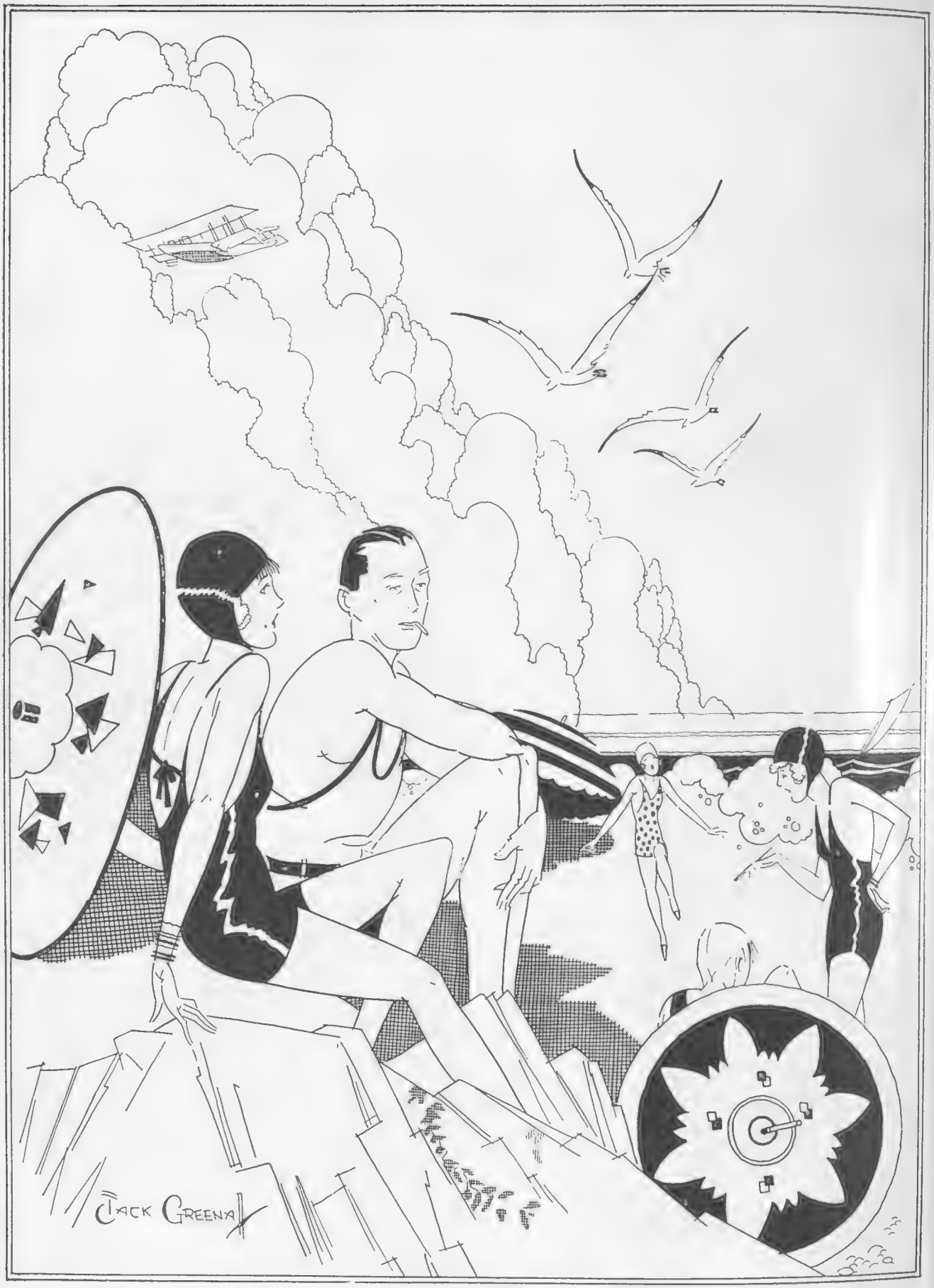
*How jolly it must be to run*
*In a costume as cool as cream sundaes—*
*No wonder lawn tennis is fun*
*When you play it unhampered by undies*
*But if I were lucky enough*
*To partner you in some mixed doubles*
*I'm sure I should play such dud stuff*
*It would lead to a cartload of troubles*

*For no one can hope to play well*
*When the ball one's not steadily eyeing,*
*And that, if the truth I must tell,*
*Would be most remarkably trying*
*For no one with brains in his head*
*Would focus on that a keen, strong gaze—*
*No fear! He'd be doing instead*
*A worshipping Anna May Wong gaze.*

B. W.

Central News

*Mr. Lloyd George and his M.P. daughter in the garden at Churt. They are seen enjoying a view of the country, if not the country's views!*




BY JACK GREENALL

*"How long have you been here?"*
*"Oh, about four cheque books!"*

*Alex St. George (John Stuart), invalided out of the R.A.F., watches his teashop keeper wife Kitty (Estelle Brody) with a humble visitor. A scene from the new British film, "Kitty," at the Regal, Marble Arch*

*FEATURES OF THE FILMS*

# AN ENGLISH EFFORT

## By Lady Eleanor Smith

*Dorothy Cummings in a scene from the British film version of Warwick Deeping's novel, "Kitty." As the scheming mother of Alex she gives a fine performance*

***"Kitty" at the Regal***

VICTOR SAVILLE has succeeded in producing a charming, if somewhat leisurely, film from the Warwick Deeping novel, "Kitty." I have not myself read this book, and am, therefore, unable to judge whether or not the cinema version follows the story of the novel closely; I should imagine that, on the whole, it did, and that the result is an earnest and conscientious undertaking of which the author thoroughly approves.

"KITTY," like "Sorrel and Son," is deeply impregnated with the spirit of the English countryside, but this time, instead of inhabiting a tranquil inn in the heart of Sussex, Mr. Deeping's puppets preside over an idyllic tea-house on the brink of the Thames. As I, personally, loathe riverside haunts and all appertaining to them, I am quite unable to say whether or not such tasteful bowers, positively wreathed with festoons of Dorothy Perkins roses, actually exist for the refreshment of the thirsty punter and his obnoxious companion the river-girl; upon mature deliberation I should say that they do not, for the simple reason that one drenching, heart-breaking English summer would wash every one of these pretty, fairweather nests out of existence for ever.

IN the film, however, the sun shines eternally, and Kitty's tea-house eventually triumphs. The time is 1917-1918. Alex St. George belongs to one of those proud, snobbish, caste-bound English families fortunately existent only in the realms of romance. When I say that Alex St. George is "the last of his line" I think that no further explanation will be necessary. This gently bred youth joins the R.A.F., and while training for the Front constantly frequents a little tobacco-shop owned by a lady in black silk and jet who also possesses a daughter named Kitty.

KITTY inspires in Alex an inordinate desire for packets of Goldflake and Navy Cut, and after gazing at her over the counter for some weeks he eventually marries the girl on the eve of his departure for France. Alex could not have been expected to reckon upon the subsequent behaviour of his mother, an aristocratic and unscrupulous matron. Mrs. St. George is probably the English producer's retort to Al Jolson's mammy, and as such should be welcomed with relief and gratitude; nevertheless, there is such a thing as over-egging the pudding, and I must in all solemnity issue a timely warning to my fellow-countrymen. In their praiseworthy dislike of angelic, white-haired women with tears in their voices they have gone to the other

# PETTING PARTIES AND PUERILITY

*Ronald Colman as that hefty hero, Bulldog Drummond, in the talkie of that name recently produced at the Tivoli. He is seen with Joan Bennett in one of the tenderer scenes*

extreme, and are creating a type of female parent who is a melodramatic monster of vice and cruelty.

THIS mother is, not unnaturally, incensed by the marriage of her son to the tobacconist's young lady, but her methods of grappling with the problem recall the methods of the Bowery rather than those usually associated with Mayfair. She starts her campaign by taking a room directly opposite Kitty's shop, and after watching proceedings for some time through a pair of field-glasses she leaps to the conclusion that the innocent girl is intriguing with a lover. Most women with sons fighting in France would have kept this intelligence until the next leave; not so Mrs. St. George. She immediately and spitefully communicates with her son, who, instead of ignoring his mother's obvious falsehoods, is so upset by her news that he faints while in the air, crashes, and is picked up a helpless cripple.

HE is sent back to the ancestral home, where his amiable parent keeps him a close prisoner with the connivance of a sinister male nurse who intercepts all Kitty's letters. When Alex asks for his wife Mrs. St. George smiles blandly and arranges for him to be distracted by a course of banjo lessons. Soon, however, Alex is well enough to drive in the park, where he is ingeniously kidnapped by the desperate Kitty and smuggled in a lorry to her teashop on the Thames. Life becomes a struggle to make the little restaurant pay. When it finally succeeds Kitty is able to devote herself entirely to her crippled husband, whom she is determined to cure.

I NEED scarcely trouble to remark that Alex is soon gambolling about the teashop gardens like a young colt, although the process of his recovery seemed rather obscure, involving as it did a deliberately capsized punt and a drawn-out spectacle of Kitty pretending to drown in the river. Nor was I quite able to swallow the final close-up, which shows us a chastened Mrs. St. George embracing not only her aggressively healthy son, but also with equal warmth the tobacconist's forgiving and tender daughter.

HOWEVER, "Kitty," as entertainment, is just as good or indeed better than the majority of American films, and the recently added talking sequences are remarkably successful. Estelle Brody and John Stuart are pleasant in the leading parts, while Dorothy Cummings is handsome and saturnine as the scheming matron, and Marie Ault contributes a clever bit of acting as Kitty's mother. Mr. Charles O'Shaughnessy plays a rustic *rôle* very engagingly.

### *"The Wild Party," at the Plaza*

AMERICAN critics are slightly more outspoken than are their English brothers and sisters. The other day, for instance, I picked up an American magazine and read the following review of Clara Bow's first Talkie. The critic was brief. He simply said: "Miss Clara Bow audible is even more low, vulgar, and repulsive than was Miss Clara Bow silent."

THAT was all, but perhaps it explains why the film in question, "The Wild Party," is being shown in deathly silence at the Plaza. Whether you like Miss Bow or not—and I am one of the ones who don't—it is impossible not to admit that in this girl the movies have discovered an amazingly vivid and powerful personality. Miss Bow is modern to her finger-tips. She represents pep, jazz, and petting parties. She has no more idea of acting than a new-born kitten, but what do her fans care?

THE admirers of this young lady will probably adore "The Wild Party," an absurd story of college life that might have been written by Miss Angela Brazil. It is all about "the most popular girl at Winston," who takes the blame for writing love-letters of which she is not the author simply for the honour of the college. All the old characters of my school-books are resurrected in this puerile production—the girl with the noble influence, the sneak, the best friend, and so on. Miss Bow wears almost throughout this picture vague sports garments of the scantiest possible description. E. S

MR. LESLIE OGILVIE, the originator of the "unusual film" movement and of the first repertory cinema in Great Britain, has taken over the general managership of Tussaud's Cinema, Baker Street, where first-class talking films available for London will be shown to the public in advance of the ordinary cinema. Mr. Ogilvie believes that the perfect cinema programme of the next few years will be the better-class sound film balanced by the major creations of the silent screen, together with selected short films, news reels with sound effects, and artistic and impressionist novelties

*Hana*

*MR. LESLIE OGILVIE*

*The originator of the "unusual film" movement and organiser of Britain's first repertory cinema. He has now taken over the managership of the famous Tussaud's Cinema, at Baker Street*

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

# COMMON HUMANITY

## BY J. D. BERESFORD

### Illustrated by FRANK OLDHAM

"'Now then,' he said gruffly, stirring the limp heap with the toe of his regulation boot. 'Can't stop here, y'know'"

POLICE-CONSTABLE ROBINSON naturally assumed that the man was drunk. Robinson had had five years' experience of the abyss, and when he found a disreputable specimen of humanity such as this, crumpled into the corner of an alley, he wasted no time in guessing what might be the matter. That primary hypothesis of his proved to be the true one in nine cases out of ten.

"Now then," he said gruffly in his usual formula, stirring the limp heap with the toe of his regulation boot. "Can't stop here, y'know." Within the limits permitted him by his experience of the abyss, he was a humane man and willing to let a "drunk" move on, if he were able to walk.

When it was stirred, the heap made a sound faintly resembling spoken language.

"Eh! What's that?" Robinson asked sharply, searching the rubbish with the beam of his bull's-eye for signs of a head.

The thing spoke again.

Robinson took the words to be some kind of a name. Lacey More? Something like that. The surname pronounced funnily. Some kind of a foreigner very likely. There were no end of 'em about.

"All very well, Mr. Lacey More," he said; "but you can't stop 'ere, y'know. Come! You've got to move on!"

This time the heap made no reply, and Robinson leaned down to make the single test by which he confirmed his working hypothesis. He straightened himself sharply, took a quick step backward and blew out a long, disgusted breath. "'Struth!" he ejaculated. "He must be fair rotten."

For a moment he stood there, dimly puzzled, regarding the heap in the light of the now enlarged circle of his lantern. Might have been a fine figure of a man once. There was a good breadth to those bony shoulders, and he might be tall if you straightened him out. Too heavy, even now, for one man to lift, probably; skeleton though he was.

Robinson walked deliberately to the end of the alley and blew a thin, shrill blast on his whistle.

At that incantation the black shadows of the dingy street began stealthily to crawl with life. Out of the darkness a figure here and there cautiously emerged; a grotesque bunch of clothes that might be a little old woman, a half-naked strip of inquisitive boyhood, an unrecognisable some-

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thing like a distorted baboon with a thin grey beard. Presently there were nearly a dozen specimens of common humanity, the dregs and scum of the abyss that never sleeps through the night, collected in a wide ring, curiously regarding the solid, respectable rock of Police-Constable Robinson, who stood massive and indifferent, violating the dank stillness of the night with the occasional scream of his whistle.

Save for a barely noticeable background of coarse breathing, or the punctuation of a raucous cough, no other sound disturbed the fetid, pregnant silence till it was broken first by an answering whistle and then by the firm tread of approaching feet.

"Don't fancy 'e's drunk," Robinson confided to his colleague as they straightened the reluctant, angular heap into the semblance of a man. "Ill. Rotten! That's what 'e is. Strewth, you smell his breath."

"'Orspital?" returned his colleague laconically; and as St. Phillip's Hospital was nearer than the police-station they took him there, supporting him between them.

A poor show for the small, inquisitive group that followed them. Nothing more than would be happening in the course of Nature to themselves before long. But they followed. It was something to do.

The raised heap staggered between his burly guards. His head drooped. Once or twice he breathed with a sharp gasp, and muttered those two words that Robinson had mistaken for a name.

Behind them the little crowd gaped and whispered.

* * *

House-Surgeon Manning of St. Phillip's was a slender, clean-shaven man with an ascetic face. He showed signs of distress while Sir George Stubbs was speaking, clasped his hands and threw up his chin with a little jerk that was known to the students as his method of concealing a wince.

Sir George was short and thick-set, with a square, pudgy face, slightly protuberant eyes, and a strictly rectangular forehead.

Between them on the slab, clean now and stark naked, lay the material they were discussing—poor material from every point of view, but valuable for Stubbs, since it still lived.

Already he had pinched, punched and probed it, exploring the internal depths of it with bougies, until satisfied with the accuracy of his diagnosis.

A malignant growth pressing on the mouth of the æsophagus, he had decided, and Manning had agreed; where they differed was in the treatment. Stubbs wanted to try an experiment, to open the body and essay a complicated operation.

"But he couldn't possibly live through it," Manning objected.

"Well, he'll be dead within ten days in any case," Stubbs agreed. "But we might keep him alive long enough to judge whether the experiment would have any chance of success with a healthy subject. His heart's still good enough, and we'll pump nourishment into him and keep him going for a week or so. I've been wanting a bit of decent material that one could take liberties with, to have a shot at this idea. This is a lucky chance. What's your objection, Manning?"

Manning jerked his chin. "Oh—oh! Just common humanity," he said.

Stubbs watched him with an amused grin. "Well, that's what I'm thinking of," he returned with a chuckle. "Here's a fellow, good for nothing, spent, used-up, dying. His life's done, and a mighty poor mess he has made of it by the look of him. Well, I propose to use him for the good of humanity, eh? Of common humanity! Make him the subject of an experiment that may one day save a life that is worth saving."

"With no possible hope of success—in the present instance?" Manning put in.

Stubbs waved that aside. "What does that matter?" he said. "Good God, Manning, wouldn't that, after all, be the real tragedy, the real offence against humanity, if you like; to keep that worthless thing alive for another year or two. What good would it do to him or to anybody? Though," he chuckled again, and his pudgy face had the humorous effect of a music-hall artist preparing his supreme joke: "though, by Jupiter! I'll do my best; I'll do my very best."

Manning made no reply. He was standing with bent head, vaguely speculating about the past life of Stubbs's material.

*"The same figure on horseback . . . scrutinising intently a couple of shabbily overcoated young men in high clumsy boots"*

"Well, then, to-morrow at ten-thirty," the great surgeon continued. "And we'll have all the students in. It'll be a fine demonstration for them. Meanwhile, pump all the blood you can into him!"

He was turning away when another thought occurred to him.

"By the way," he said. "No idea, I suppose, who he is or where he comes from?"

"None whatever," Manning replied. "He has spoken only two words since he was brought in, and they were French."

Stubbs grunted an interrogation.

"Laissez-moi," Manning said.

"Meaning?" Stubbs asked.

"Oh! Leave me! Leave me alone to die quietly, I suppose," Manning answered. "That's all he wants now."

Stubbs tried his joke again. "Yes, it'd be a mighty cruel thing to save his life," he said; "but we'll do our best, Manning. We'll do our best to keep him alive as long as we can—for the good of humanity."

* * *

All the pain had gone at last. The old pain had been gone for more than a week; but the new pain had been nearly as bad. Now he was free again, to lie still and dream.

Queer dreams they would have seemed to those about him; to the stiff, grey-haired sister who looked as though she sent herself to the wash every night and was returned newly starched and ironed every morning; to the harried nurses, equally clean but more supple; to the case of dropsy in the next bed, so proud of the vast quantity of water they had taken from him when he was last tapped; to the lousy old drunkard with the broken leg on the other side; perhaps strangest of all to the squat, determined little man who had looked up at the lank house-surgeon a few minutes before and had said, "By God, Manning, you know, there's many a true word spoken in jest," and had then gone away chuckling as if he had said or done something immensely amusing.

They were not dreams in the ordinary sense of the word, those memories of his that came surging up unbidden, enchanted with all the magic of life; but the very vividness of the pictures gave them a quality that made them unreal, fantastic, dreamlike, seen against the background of this aridly clean ward with its reek of disinfectants.

The blank ceiling that curved almost imperceptibly into the blank wall rose and arched itself into a dome gorgeous with a scheme of colouring derived from the East; colonnades of decorated pillars supporting arcades that looped just perceptibly more than a semicircle sprang up and widened along the free aisle between the beds; the scrubbed wood blocks of the floor gave place to an intricate pattern of rich tiles. .

* * *

He heard the booming of an organ, that was presently reinforced by the overtones of wind instruments in brass and wood, the shouts of trumpets and the piping melody of oboes. He saw mitred priests, in copes and dalmatics, moving about the brilliant phantasmagoria of the lighted altar under the spread of the glittering baldachino. He saw the body of the cathedral alight with the fire of uniforms in blue and white and silver, and the occasional flash of steel; saw the pale mass of expectant faces, great bearded men and lovely women, resplendent and jewelled, princesses, grand duchesses, all the highest representatives of aristocracy and riches in that splendid country, and all come to do honour to a young man dressed in the blue, white and silver of his regiment, broad-shouldered, dignified and proud; serenely indifferent to the admiration that had always been his right from the moment of his anxiously expected birth; but condescending almost tenderly to that figure beside him, shrouded in tulle and in lace that would itself have been fit dowry for a bride of lesser degree than one who was so nearly connected with the throne.

The Emperor and Empress were waiting to receive the homage of that favoured bride and bridegroom. . . .

"Sollum trewth, it is; though it's 'ard to believe; hait quarts they drawed off of me. . . ."

The case of dropsy in the next bed had had a visitor.

But there was no visitor for Stubbs's material.

Momentarily he realised again the arid cleanliness of his surroundings, and then the ward distended itself into the width of a magnificently wide street that ran straight and imposing between splendid houses into some unseen distance. The road was covered with snow that sparkled in the sunshine, and bright sleighs drawn by two or three horses flashed gaily by with a vivid clash of bells, the occupants snugly wrapped in furs of sable and ermine.

* * *

THERE, too, was the man with the broad shoulders; older now and with a new touch added to the arrogance of his bearing. He was riding at an easy canter a magnificent chestnut, so obviously English by breed that the decorated saddle and accoutrements had a motley air of disguise. And as he rode he gave a mock military salute to a passing sleigh, with a lackey beside the driver, containing three children, two boys and a girl, who rose up and cried out to him as they went by, almost concealing the figure of their mother, who drew the eldest down beside her in order to wave a little fur-gauntleted hand to the handsome rider.

And again he saw the same figure on horseback, pacing deliberately along the quay of a great frost-bound river; glancing keenly right and left as he rode; scrutinising intently a couple of shabbily overcoated young men in high clumsy boots, who glanced up at him with a passing touch of resentment and hatred before they lowered their heads and trudged away. And the face of the rider as he pulled up his horse and sat magnificently still and upright, watching the retreating students, was suddenly hard and cruel. The struggle was still far off, but now and again the huge beast bared its fangs behind the bars of its massive cage. There was but one thing to be done: increase still further the strength of the bars and torture the brute into submission.

That was an important part of the work of the splendid equestrian figure, so still and yet so arrogantly powerful, posed there by the frozen Neva. And more particularly now with their young heir come to the throne, vacillating and timid . . . the middle-aged man on the horse had no patience with weak men. He himself had never known fear; and thank God his own sons. . . .

"Blarst yer, get aw'y. Get aw'y, I tell yer! Crawlin', crawlin', creepin' and crawlin' . . ."

The drunkard with the broken leg, who had been brought in only the day before, was on the verge of delirium.

Fear? No, he had never known fear in those days. He could see again, and feel with all its original emotions, that private interview in the Palace. It was not the first time by many that he had been thus honoured. The timorous, uneasy little man with the naval beard seemed to find support and something of comfort in the careless strength of his general. It was to him that more than one hesitating suggestion had been offered in the seclusion of these private interviews; and now with Central Europe preparing to batter at the immense gates of his vast Empire, the supreme head of its Church and State, the little father who was second only to the Great Father in Heaven, was stammering doubts of the inclinations of his wife and their household. The Empress, naturally, was greatly averse from taking the initiative against her native country, with whose arts and culture she had always had so much sympathy.

And he, the strong, proud man, had given of his courage and his pride. It might be that he had been almost a determining influence during those hot July days, though his name was little known in Europe, and would not figure in history. He had never figured prominently in the political and military life of his country. Why should he seek further honours? He had never been ambitious in that sense. What could life offer him better than that he already possessed? He had been born great, powerful and honoured; and his sons would succeed to a name and to positions not less worthy and magnificent than those of their father. No, the world had no prize to offer that could tempt his pride. . . .

By CHICOT

"Such a nice thing happened to Fluff at the Flower Show. He went to sleep among the chrysanthemums"

* * *

"You know, Manning," Stubbs said, "I believe, by a miracle, almost by a miracle, we've brought it off. What a calamity, eh, my boy? What a tragedy to have saved the life of this muck, just to give him another chance of rotting more slowly in some filthy slum. You know we ought—just a few of us, the few whose judgment could be trusted in these matters—we ought to be given an authority to clear out offal of this kind when we have the chance. You talk about 'common humanity,' but the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number demands a lethal chamber in some cases. Better for everyone concerned, eh?

"This fellow, you know: why, in six weeks' time he'll be back where he was when they brought him in. Been like that all his life, as likely as not. Slum-born and bred . . ."

"I don't believe it," Manning interrupted.

Stubbs gave an amused grin and looked down at his material.

"He *has* got something of an air about him," he remarked. "But, God bless you, Manning, that's one of the tricks of these professional beggars. He'll spin you no end of a yarn, no doubt, when he gets a bit stronger. Lord, man, only the other day a feller of this kind tried to get me with a yarn of having been a big bug in the Russian Army. Polish Jew he was, I should say, by the look of him. And, by the way, there's a touch of the same strain about this old chap, if I'm not mistaken. You haven't identified him yet, by the way? No. Can't the police help you? What do you call him?"

Manning jerked up his chin. "Police Constable Robinson's name has stuck to him somehow," he said. "We call him Lacey More."

J. D. B.

## *A NEW PORTRAIT OF JESSIE MATTHEWS*

*Jessie Matthews is among the many clever young people discovered by C. B. Cochran. She is playing lead in "Wake Up and Dream," the revue which has already enjoyed a long run at the London Pavilion, where it is still doing big business*

*Dorothy Wilding*

*PARIS GOSSIP*

# BALLETS—BLOOMS and a FEW BOOKS

By JAY MARTIN

*Illustrated by NORMAN KAY*

*"Does nothing but . . . drink beer and listen to what people tell her"*

ONE newspaper could easily require seven correspondents to cover what is going on in Paris these days. A very good idea would be to invite twenty people over to one's house, and let them all talk at once and simply hear what is happening, thereby saving oneself a lot of trouble. But, then, telephoning or even writing notes to twenty people is a nuisance. I know of one correspondent for an American paper who does nothing but sit all day and night in front of the *Deux Magots* on the Left Bank, drink beer, and listen to what people tell her. For instance, if somebody buys her two beers and then says, "The Plantation is the best night-club in Paris," she then writes to New York that the Plantation *is* the most amusing night-club in Paris, and I assure you that not for two beers would I say the Plantation is any good at all, because, first of all, I detest beer, and in the second place because the Plantation is terrible.

I HAVE rushed about so much these days, and have seen so many people, and have been to so many places, that I am not sure where I have been or what my friends have told me. In order to convey to London what Paris is during June I will set down my impressions.

THE Ballet Russe is gorgeous. *Le Ballet Russe c'est morte.* Chirico's setting in *Le Bal* is the finest thing in the Ballet Russe. George Auric's music for *Pastoral* is the finest thing in the Russian Ballet. The Michodière is the only place for dinner. The Bœuf sur le Toit is the only place for dinner. The Ambassadeurs is open for tea-dancing. It is lovely to lunch in the open at Laurent.

*Les Egarés* is the naughtiest play in Paris. It's awfully well written. It isn't at all immoral. It's disgusting. Jean Borotra sent out one thousand invitations to his party. Fifteen hundred people went.

THE sale of the Emile Straus collection was a great success. The mild, very nineteenth-century Boudin is coming into favour again, and fetched enormous prices. The portraits painted by Van Dongen with lip-stick, which I mentioned several weeks ago, have made such a hit that one has been purchased by a cosmetic firm, and is being used in its original colour as an advertisement.

THE chicken curry *à l'Indienne* at the Ritz is the best in Paris.

(Continued on page 658)

*Claire Luce, the American actress who scored a big success in "Burlesque" with Nelson Keys, seen after a bathe at Cap d'Antibes. She returns to Town this month to rehearse in a new play*

# MORE DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS

BY WILL OWEN

*Executive officers at the Ministry of Labour showing the new cleaner how to execute her duties*

*PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 656)*

The chicken curry *à l'Indienne* at Ciro's is the best in Paris. Rebattet is the best caterer in Paris. Boissière is the best caterer in Paris. Chanel is the only dressmaker in Paris. Don't be silly. Vionnet is the best. Well, I can't afford either of them. The newest American dance records can be found at Salabert, in the Arcs des Champs Elysées. Why, what are you talking about? The newest records are at "Innovation," in the Avenue de l'Opéra.

MARCEL ROCHAS is showing a marvellously and loosely cut black *tailleur*, with a faint white stripe, for next autumn. Please don't talk to *me* about the clothes for next autumn, when I have not as yet paid for this summer's fal-lals! The loveliest place for tea is at the Polo, even if there is no game. The worst bore in Paris is any party at the Inter-Alliée. No, I think a party at the Golfers' Club is worse. Molyneux' summer dresses of checked cotton voile from Rodier are adorable. Maria Guy's yellow straw hats, and her bags of coloured striped linen, with a polished wooden top, are awfully smart. The natural kasha bathrobe, cut like a coat, lined with a small patterned red and black checked silk, to be worn over pyjamas of the same silk, shown by Annek, is the best-looking set for travelling I have ever seen.

THE most beautiful exhibit at the Salon des Artistes Decorateurs is a great mirror panel, covered with black and grey allegorical figures designed by Louis Bouquet. The finest paintings at the Japanese Exhibition are the panels by Foujita. I saw them months ago at Bernheim-Jeune. He isn't a painter. He's a designer. Well, who cares? He's a great artist. Foujita designed the decorations for the Japanese building at the Cité Universitaire, which are worth going to the other end of Paris to see.

MERAUD GUINNESS GUEVERRA has the funniest dining-room imaginable. In the centre of the table is a weather vane, surrounded at the base by a tin trough shellacked in red. For plates she uses aluminium discs, of exactly the same size and shape that are used for automobile wheels. So that, if more guests than she expected come, all she has to do is to tell her husband to run down to the nearest garage and borrow a few spare wheels.

*"Run down to the nearest garage and borrow a few spare wheels"*

ONE of the most beautiful and decidedly disturbing exhibitions in Paris is the Jewellery and Silver Show at the Musée Galliera. The silver is of entirely modern design. Some of the pieces are combined with glass and wood. One amusing tea service has been designed by Boulenger. Set on a long silver platter which graduates in width, and which has fan-shaped handles of wood inlaid with strips of ivory, are the pieces which are placed in parade formation, one back of the other. Each piece is uniformly circular in form, with large, fan-shaped handles of the wood and ivory, so that the teapot, sugar bowl, etc., resemble fat birds.

THE modern jewellery, especially that designed by Fouquet, is very interesting to look at, but I wouldn't care about wearing it. Several jewellers are coming back to the use of coloured stones. The most beautiful reasons why girls leave home are bracelets, flexible of course, I mean merely strung, of tiny round rubies, emeralds, and sapphires from Ostertag. Another jeweller shows the same idea, but then, he has used rubies and sapphires, and the contrast is too violent, although I would not refuse one if offered to me.

AFTER the jewellery exhibition, in its proper sequence, we went to see a collection of paintings by insane people. The exhibition was to take place in the house of Doctor Biné, which was a big surprise to me, as I thought he spelled his name Binet, as somebody once fired a Biné intelligence test at me, and I turned out to be a slightly subnormal three-year-old, which really proved itself, as I could have sworn that the damn test was marked "Binet."

WELL, Doctor Biné's house is in the Avenue Kléber, and it is such a small house that I could not see how it could contain many pictures by insane people, as there are enough so-called normal people painting insane pictures in Paris to fill the Hôtel de Ville, much more a tiny house in the Avenue Kléber. And the exhibition of pictures painted by nuts lived up to its name, for, after having been announced that it was open all week, it was closed. So we didn't see it.

THEN we went to the Horticultural Show in the Cours la Reine, as it's awfully nice to go to a horticultural show with a couple of boys, in case there is a display of orchids. But there were no orchids, so I was content to rave over the irises, so the next day I received some lovely irises. Well, a girl can't have everything.

WHEN the Editor of THE BYSTANDER was in Paris a few weeks ago he suggested that, as several of his subscribers are intelligent, they might enjoy a few remarks about French books. Well, if the Editor thinks that I have any time to sit home reading he had better engage a correspondent who is over seventy years old. However, I can recommend the following: *La Seconde*, by Collette; *L'Ecole des Femmes*, by André Gide; *Les Varais*, by Jacques Chardonne; and *Le Mariage Charnel*, by Nicolas Ségur.

J. M.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

# BOHUNKS, BERRIES AND BROADS

By RALPH STRAUS

LAST week the infectious gaiety of Mr. Golding lent a cheerful note to these words of mine: this week I seem to have been wallowing in vice and crime. A history of our hangmen, a novel about Berlin when it was beginning to show signs of degeneration, another about the infidelities of New York, and a story of rival gangs in Chicago's underworld—yes, the meat, as they say, is strong.

❋

STRONG, but good. And yet, perhaps, not so strong as it might have been. I must have become a little *blasé*. Take *Berlin: The Land of Cockayne* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), for instance. This is the work of Heinrich Mann, an elder brother of the better-known Thomas, and it was originally published nearly thirty years ago. From a foreword I gathered that an English translation had only lately become possible—owing to our "declining bigotry"—and prepared myself for the worst. Now, thought I, for a real shock! Now the veil is going to be lifted with a vengeance, and the police will be able to enjoy yet another little bonfire at Scotland Yard.

❋

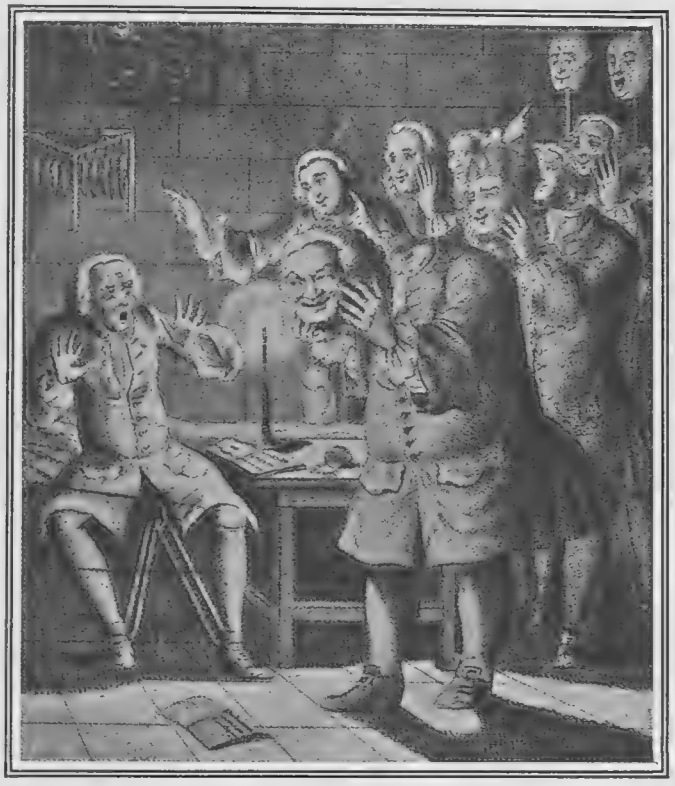
*Berlin*, however, will leave our susceptible policemen entirely unmoved. It is outspoken enough, but never shocking. Thirty years ago, no doubt, we might have sat up, but now that our bigotry has declined we can read *Berlin* for what it is—an unusually interesting and, in its way, important novel (for it must have helped to point the way for the moderns in Germany) about a plutocratic, stockbroking, pathetically ingenuous society which is endeavouring to become "smart."

❋

A LITERARY young man from the provinces comes to Berlin to seek his fortune. You might suppose that young Andrew Zumsee would hire a garret and scatter his manuscripts until somebody realises his talent, but it seems that in the Berlin of the 'nineties that was not the way to succeed, particularly if you were a good-looking young man whose eyelashes had grown to feminine lengths. No, you obtained introductions to rich old ladies, who took you under their wings and arranged (in the most delicate way, of course) for your income to remain pleasantly high.

❋

AND so we have the not very pleasant spectacle of Andrew leaping, with Frau Türkheimer's assistance, to "fame," and speedily becoming too big for his boots. You see him tiring of his elderly *inamorata*, and looking elsewhere for amusement. Finally, you see him "dropped" almost as suddenly as he was taken up. The fellow is a dago of the very worst type, and his sordid career would not have been worth relating in any detail except by a master of his craft.



*A reproduction of an old print showing Thrift, the Hangman, terrified by the spectres of the Rebel lords and others in the cells of Newgate, April, 1750. This is one of the many illustrations in Mr. Horace Bleackley's "The Hangmen of England," published by Chapman and Hall, Ltd.*

IS Heinrich Mann that? Feuchtwanger, who wrote *Jew Süss*, says: "I learnt how to write from him." There are competent German critics who place him above his more popular brother. I, who know only this one book of his, certainly find him to be a novelist of distinction. He not only makes you believe in his people, but rouses your curiosity as to what each of them is going to do. You may not "like" the story of Andrew Zumsee, but you do not throw the book down before it is finished. The young man is a worm, but he is an entertaining worm whose career not only points a stern moral but adorns a rather remarkable tale. I have but one fault to find with the book. The translation has been done well enough, but it is the work of an American who does not hesitate to use American slang, even American slang which, I am convinced, was not in use at the time when Mann wrote his book. That is irritating.

INDEED, I should not have been surprised to find Andrew described as a bohunk, whose berries are provided by an elderly broad. You do not understand me? Then you must read W. R. Burnett's really good yarn called *Little Cæsar* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Fortunately for us dumb dummies in this ham joint of ours, a glossary is provided, for these Chicago wops and yeggs use the most peculiar language. But I now know that a bohunk is a poor specimen, berries are dollars, and a broad is a girl.

❋

MR. BURNETT tells the bloodthirstiest story in the coolest way. The Vettori gang is forced to choose Rico as its leader. Rico is a "hold-up" artist who shoots to kill, and does not worry about his victims. (They ought not to have got in his way.) In particular he shoots subordinates who show signs of taking to less questionable methods of earning a living. In his way, I dare say, he is a great man. Unfortunately for him, even in Chicago there apparently comes a moment when you can kill too many of its citizens, and Rico finds it convenient to disappear. The detectives find him, and he, too, is killed. And that is about all.

❋

YET this simply told story has the queerest fascination. These brutes, who are so vain of their hair and their women and their "reputation," are the worst kind of scoundrel, and yet, in Mr. Burnett's hands, they become worthy of regard. You see them for the primitive ignoramuses they are. You begin to understand, too, what sort of a problem the criminologists are really up against, and why Chicago has such an unenviable reputation. The detective stories are written in their thousands, and very pretty puzzles some of them are. *Little Cæsar* is just a grim, unmysterious document which reads like the ugly truth, and if it has no high literary pretensions it is mightily good to read—swift and sure and extraordinarily dramatic.

❋

AND in Mr. Horace Bleackley's company we remain with the worst kind of bohunks. I happen to know that Mr. Bleackley is the most respectable of citizens. He can write stories about cricket, and political novels—you should read his *Anymoon*, by the way, which is now in a cheap edition, and is not without reference to the present political situation—and his knowledge of the eighteenth-century men of letters

is extensive and peculiar. But his real love is crime, and the blacker the crime the better he likes it.

❋

WHAT more suitable subject, then, could there be for his pen than *The Hangmen of England* (Chapman and Hall: 16*s.*). Here he can wallow in crime to his heart's content. But he can also produce the most out-of-the-way bits of information which are not to be found in the usual crime-books. I cannot say that these hangmen were a very cheerful lot—some of them seem to have been about on a par with the general run of their victims—but they had their points, and sometimes their portraits were left for posterity, and out of his gruesome materials Mr. Bleackley has made a story which lovers of sensational crimes will greedily gobble. Incidentally, there is a fine array of little-known illustrations.

❋

FINALLY, I come to Alyse Gregory's novel, *King Log and Lady Lea* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and am doubtful what to say about it. It is interesting, and it is also peculiar. There is distinction in the writing, and yet at moments Miss Gregory allows her people to speak like no human beings ever did. Is there any consolation, a woman writer who is losing her husband's love, asks a man friend, is there any consolation "for the lessening of that vibrancy of response, that fear that our full virility is beginning to ebb?"

❋

WHO on earth ever spoke in that way? And yet, apart from this kind of thing, Mary Holland is a real woman and Richard, her husband, a real man. Their story is unusual. He is unfaithful with a younger woman. The wife finds them together. Naturally, she leaves him. But very peculiarly she makes friends with the woman, and poor Richard is left out in the cold. It does seem odd—even for New York. Bohunks again, I suppose.

R. S.

## AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

The results are out . . . of Allen and Unwin's five thousand pounds War Novel Competition! Well, first of all the award is divided; and secondly, one of the winners is a woman! The winning novels are *It's a Great War,* by Miss Mary Lee, and *God Have Mercy On Us,* by William T. Scanlion.

*Music At Midnight,* by Muriel Draper, has just been published by Heinemanns. Muriel Draper is Ruth Draper's sister-in-law. She went to Vienna with her husband, Paul Draper, followed him to Italy for his studies with Braggiotti, and finally they came to London. It is mainly with the salon she instituted in London that this book deals. It was held at Edith Grove, Chelsea, and there Mrs. Draper attracted all the most interesting artists in London—Thibaud, Casals, Rubinstein, Moiseiwitsch, Chaliapin, and many others. This should prove an interesting book for music lovers.

*Devil's Laughter* is the intriguing name of a new novel by L. H. Brenning, just published by Cassells. We hear it is a thrilling story of a girl whom fate tossed into the clutches of Le Cagnard, the king of the underworld of Paris, whose army of criminals, including some of the loveliest girls of the Boulevards, led dupes to their ruin . . . and all the time Le Cagnard laughed . . . devil's laughter.

In *Little Cæsar,* by W. R. Burnett, published by Cape, we have one of the most exciting stories about the Chicago underworld gangs that has ever been written.

Cloud-capped mountains, lonely bays where sea-fowl cry and the heavy Atlantic breaks in surf upon the rocks—the romance and magic of the Hebrides . . . this is the theme of Seton Gordon's new book, *The Charm of Skye; The Winged Isle,* to be published by Cassells on June 27th. The book is illustrated with pencil sketches, and the foreword is contributed by the Macleod of Macleod.

Mr. Michael Arlen's volume of five tales entitled *Babes in the Wood,* will be published simultaneously in England and America.

Now that pessimists are labelling the "Talkie" as the death knell of the theatre, it is interesting to hear that Mr. Glenn Hughes, professor of English and dramatic art in the University of Washington, has written *The Story of the Theatre,* which outlines the story of theatrical art from its beginnings to the present day. Benns will publish it shortly.

### *BOOKS RECEIVED*

#### *NOVELS*

THE TRUCE BREAKER. By T. J. Morrison. (John Murray: 7s. 6d.)
MENACE TO MRS. KERSHAW. By Austen Allen. (G. Bles: 7s. 6d.)
MURDER AND MYSTERY. By E. Johnson and G. Palmer. (Grant, Richards and H. Toulmin: 7s. 6d.)
THE ALCHEMY MURDER. By Peter Oldfield. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
THE CRIME WITHOUT A CLUE. By Thomas Cobb. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
A CHARMED CIRCLE. By Helen Ferguson. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)
LITTLE CÆSAR. By W. R. Burnett. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)
KING LOG AND LADY LEA. By Alyse Gregory. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
COUCOU. By E. Pember. (Constable: 6s.)
BATS IN THE BELFRY. By C. L. Holes. (Cecil Palmer: 7s. 6d.)
THE WYE VALLEY MYSTERY. By Essex Smith. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

#### *MISCELLANEOUS*

OLD RHINELAND. By E. E. Gawthorn. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
THE VANDEKKERS. By Russell Thorndike. (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6d.)
EARTH. By Frank Townshend. (Knopf: 6s.)
THE LIVES OF SIR JOSEPH McBRIDE. Edited by Giles Dugdale. (Heffer: 5s.)

*FOR YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY—LUCERNE*

*A view of the gallery on the Axenstrasse, on the beautiful Lake*

# WORTHINGTON IMPRESSIONS

## NO. 4 THE LAWYER

As the judge sees him

As a witness sees him

As the prisoner sees him

As he appears in his Inn

# WHOOPEE and WANDERLUST

By "THE SYBARITE"

### *Ireland for Ever*

It is odd how many people insist on going abroad for their holidays without a thought of "seeing Britain first." If you suggest to them that there are beauty spots as wonderful as any on the Continent in their own country they will reply, "Yes, old chap, but it's so much freer abroad." Then they don't know Ireland. If ever a country was free, it is the Emerald Isle since the Free State came into being.

For the sportsman Ireland is a veritable paradise. The trout fishing is the best in the world, and the facilities for it are unlimited. Neville Chamberlain was over there flogging a stream last season. He is a very keen and able disciple of Izaak Walton, and a good judge, too. Those who like a stiff gallop over country will find that there is none of the "Half-a-guinea-an-hour-and-more-if-I-send-out-a-man-with-you" that characterises riding in England for those who have not horses of their own. Irish hotels have made great strides during the last few years, and their hospitality, like their cheerfulness, is a bye-word.

*PEACE*

*The meeting of the waters at Dines Island on the Lake of Killarney, one of the most justly famed beauty spots in the world*

### *Switzerland's Summer Resort*

Lausanne-Ouchy is quite a newcomer in the world of play, but it is making a great bid for well-deserved popularity. It has a tremendous advantage in being situated so high above sea-level, as its air is far more healthy than that of many seaside places, while its lake and shore-beach are as charming as any. It is the happy medium between the quiet and the gay.

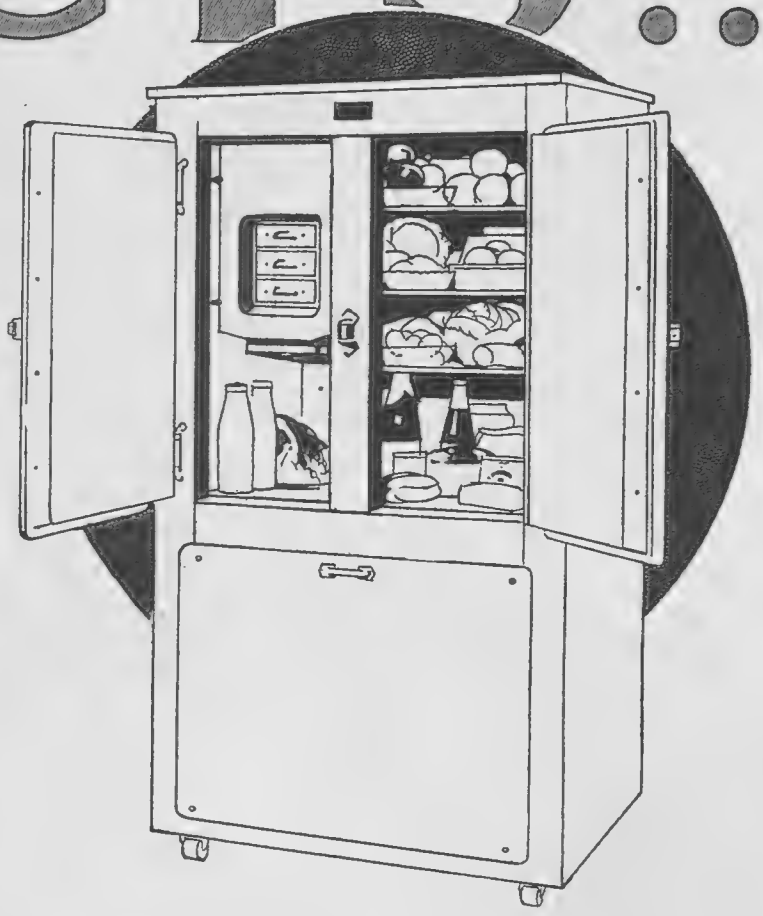
(*Continued on page 664*)

*THE PLAYGROUND OF THE RICH*

*A view of Deauville and Trouville from the seventeenth fairway of the new golf course which has just been opened at the first-named of these famous holiday resorts*

# FACTS . .

## THAT CONVINCED 750,000 FRIGIDAIRE * OWNERS



Frigidaire has long been the world's most popular electrical refrigerator . . . and this popularity has not been built on cut prices, but on value . . . on excellence of workmanship and perfection of design. Such famous houses as J. Lyons & Co., the Savoy Hotel, Union Cold Storage, the General Building Co., Holland & Hannen and Cubitts, Ltd., and hundreds of other equally well-known Frigidaire users can be depended upon to have chosen the best and most truly carefree refrigeration. The facts which decided their choice are also responsible for selling more Frigidaires *than all other makes* of electric refrigerators combined.

Consider these exclusive Frigidaire features:

**1.** Frigidaire requires no care, no attention, no special installation . . . it is simply plugged into any convenient electric outlet.

**2.** Frigidaire is so incredibly quiet you don't hear it start, stop or run. It is entirely automatic . . . and it is easily portable. No plumbing or water connections are necessary for its installation.

**3.** Frigidaire alone has the famous Cold Control which enables you to regulate at will the time required to freeze ice cubes and desserts.

**4.** Frigidaire is made by General Motors —the surest guarantee of excellence and service.

*London Showrooms:*
Frigidaire House, Chapter Street, S.W.1,
and Imperial House, Kingsway, W.C.2.
Offices in all principal towns.

# Frigidaire

*The QUIET Automatic Refrigerator*

FRIGIDAIRE LIMITED
(*Incorporated in Canada*)
Dept. A-515, Frigidaire House,
Chapter Street, Vauxhall Bridge
Road, S.W.1.

Please send me, without obligation, complete information about Frigidaire.
Name .....
Address .....
No in Family .....

WHOOPEE AND WANDERLUST cont nued from page 662)

SUNBRONZE AND "SIDECARS"

*Cocktail-time on the plage of the popular lake resort of Lausanne-Ouchy*

ALL the advantages of a big town are there — including some jewellers' shops that would bring joy to the eyes of Mabel Boll—and yet, across the lake, or even a mile or two farther along it, there is peace, so still that one might think that the world was young again. Lausanne is very few hours from Paris, and the train service is excellent.

***Deauville and Diamonds***

DEAUVILLE is at the other end of the holiday scale. It is by no means the quietest place for a holiday, nor is it the least expensive! It has, however, more *chic* than almost all other resorts put together. Le Touquet, of course, has wonderful golf and sea bathing, but its staid Anglicism is not nearly so amusing as the cosmopolitan exuberance of Deauville. The latter, too, has a new golf course, the beauty of which is only equalled by its excellence as a test of golf. The gambling will be, as usual, a super thrill for those who frequent the Casino.

WHEN newcomers are walking along the front at night they must be careful not to ask why the town is illuminated, as it is probably only the Dolly Sisters walking along together with a few dozen of their newest diamond bracelets, or "Mis" flashing her teeth at Foujita.

Emile Gos

BEFORE THE PLUNGE

*One of the Nymphs about to take a welcome plunge in the warm waters of the Lake of Geneva at Ouchy*

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

The Flying Squad

# POST DATES

By D.A.B.

YOU can't blame a girl for taking the best market, where it's a question of real importance. And you can quite understand a chap preferring to go to a whoopee party instead of dining as arranged with his aunt.

But you can kick at the man or girl who accepts an even number invitation knowing full well that he will cut it if anything better turns up; and rings up at the last moment to say that he (or more often she) is most terribly sorry, she feels absolutely like death, and she does hope it won't matter, etc.

The fact is that my generation—which is a young one—is damn slack about keeping dates. If we do keep them, we are usually late. It is tradition for a woman to keep a man waiting for a few minutes; but nowadays she seems to think it's a social blunder to be punctual.

Being late is not so crimson as cutting a date altogether; and this latter is so prevalent that the reliable date-keeper is an exception. An appointment has lost its old significance; it is no longer respected for its own sake; it is now merely kept according to its power of attraction.

This date slackness on the part of young people affords the older generation a justifiable outlet for abuse. So, if an invitation looks like being wet—refuse it as soon as it's offered. Leave them time to get someone else. If you take a risk on a wet date, and accept, stick to it, even if the most superlative last-minute invitation comes along.

* * * * * *

The House of Pope and Bradley is young and virile in its ideas, and has an appreciation of modern youth, but it always keeps its appointments. Your clothes will always be ready for a fitting at the specified time—however many last-minute "rush" orders are received from possibly more celebrated or distinguished clients. We can, if necessary, build clothes within three or four days. But if we are asked to undertake a rush order, and are not sure that it can be satisfactorily completed to time, we refuse the order, because we rely upon each individual production to enhance the reputation of our name.

Lounge Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fourteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

*The new frontage to our Bond Street premises is a feature of Mayfair. It is modern in conception, classic in style.*

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

GREAT STUFF
THIS
BASS

# SPORTS CHAT

By "FIELD GLASS"

*Miss Helen Jacobs, the young American player with a very powerful service. She is partnering Miss Betty Nuthall in the Doubles at Wimbledon this year*

### *A New England Player*

THE attractions of the Theatrical Garden Party did not prove as strong as those of the Test trial to some actors. I saw Owen Nares looking very critically at the pitch on the third day, after Robins had done his best to ensure himself a place in the Test side.

Robins's five for fifty-three against the might of England is certainly the outstanding bowling performance of the year, even though the wicket was beginning to crumble. It certainly goes some way towards the problem of eliminating England's tail and getting batting right down to number eleven. Freeman's injury got him a very well-deserved place, and at last they have realised the worth of Percy Fender.

I am very sorry not to see some experiments in the side.

The South Africans have now been beaten three times, and to pit the full strength of England against them seems very much like breaking a butterfly on the wheel.

### *London's Little Leather Pusher*

TEDDY BALDOCK, the Pride of Poplar, seems to have fought his way back to the sporting limelight. About three years ago he was in the running for the world's bantam championship, but he was overworked and went off terribly.

His recent victory over Pattenden was the most exciting fight seen for years, and now America is crazy on getting him over for a shot at the world's championship.

If he does win it the Americans will probably say that someone else was the real champion and he only beat a second-rater.

This charming little habit is catching on too much, and it generally works out that there are four or five men at the same weight scattered about from Balham to Ballamalloo who all claim to be "champion of the world." It is all very complicated.

### *Beauty on the Centre Court*

EVERYBODY will be pleased to hear that Cilly Aussem, the charming young German crack, has got over her eye trouble.

It was feared that she might never play tennis again, but all is well now.

Wimbledon could ill afford to lose this attractive young lady.

There is no doubt that the Ladies' Singles this year is one of the most attractive ever staged. The above trio, Kea Bouman, and last, but nothing like least, our very own Betty Nuthall, should be worth standing in many a long and dreary queue to watch.

Incidentally, queuers-up are warned to be very much on the look-out for certain ticket scalpers who are thought to be in possession of stolen tickets.

### *Atta Boy*

BASEBALL is catching on tremendously in Great Britain, and a Japanese team has come over for a short visit.

This sport is amazingly thrilling and fast, and after seeing it I can sympathise with Americans who watch cricket for the first time.

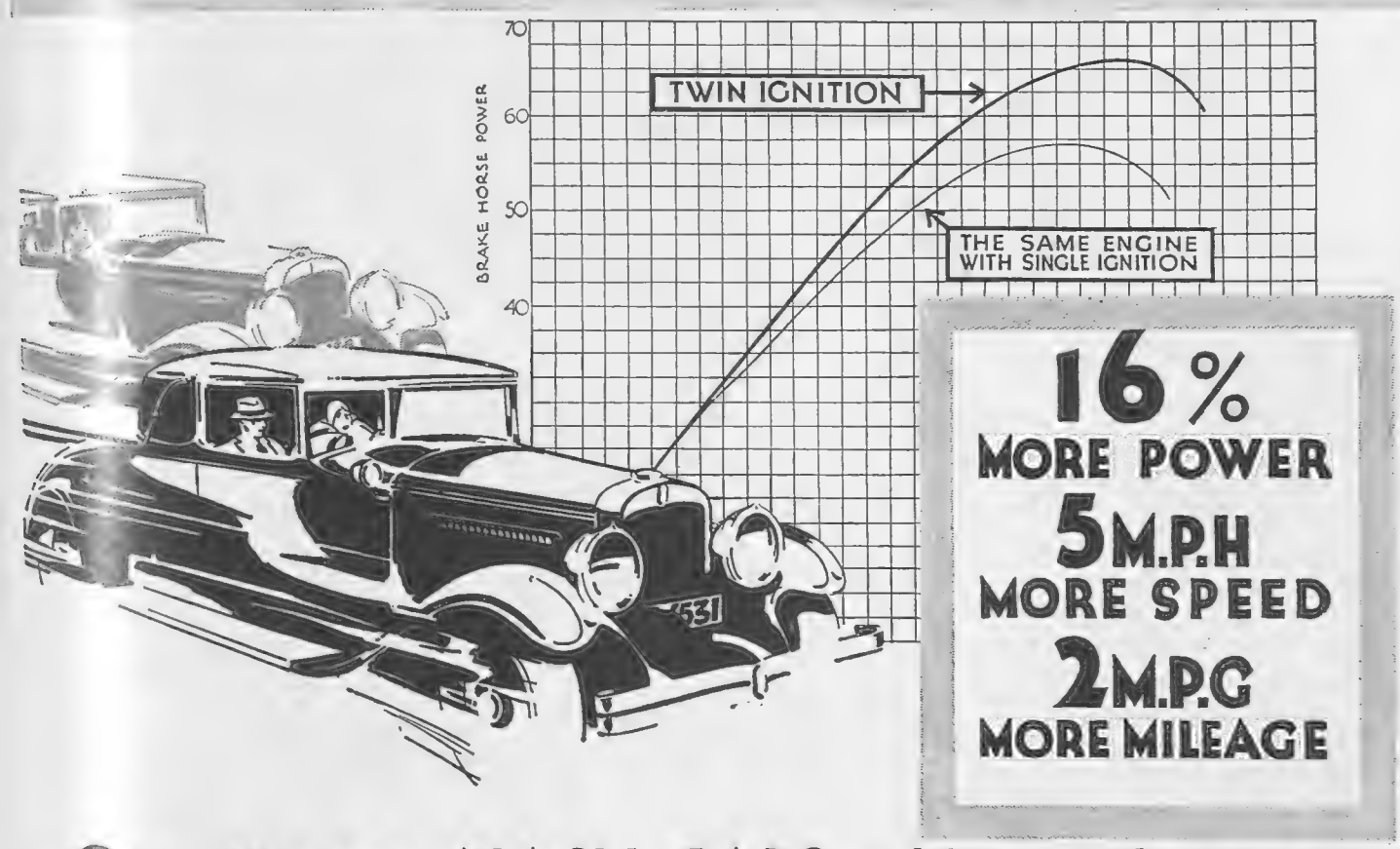
It is played at Stamford Bridge every Sunday, and is a joy to watch.

American ships' crews, such as the Leviathan, are the principal exponents, but Oxford's team, mainly of Rhodes Scholars, is not to be sniffed at.

*Photographs* *Central Press*

*Cyril Tolley driving from the fourth tee during a round of the Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich. He was in great form during the meeting, and played some remarkable golf to reach the last stages*

# TWIN-IGNITION GIVES MORE POWER USES LESS PETROL




## Over 160,000 NASH CARS sold since last July

The "Advanced" and "Special" models of the new Nash '400' series are equipped with two Spark Plugs per cylinder. The double spark gives instantaneous and complete combustion. All the power in the petrol goes into the drive. Its effect on acceleration is extraordinary. The flash of the Nash exposes the sluggishness of single ignition cars The new Nash leaves them standing in traffic jams, and slips past them on the open road. Graphs and percentages cannot adequately convey the greater joy of Nash ownership. Twin-ignition shortens all roads and flattens every hill. In severe competition over 160,000 of the new Nash cars have been sold since July. We invite you to investigate. We will supply you with illustrated literature, explaining twin-ignition and the many other Nash advances, or if you prefer it we will be pleased to arrange for you to take a trial run. 'Phone or write to 30, St. John's Wood Road (Paddington 9777, opposite Lord's).

# NASH "400" SERIES

*The start of the Outboard Motor Boat Club's race from Dover to Calais and back on Saturday, June [illegible]. Owing to bad visibility not a single boat reached Calais. Many were lost, [illegible]*

# SPEED BOATING

SPECIAL FEATURE

If you must seek a reason for the present boom in motor boating, the romantic minded have the answer off pat: at heart, they will tell you, we are still a seafaring nation. "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum—with the landlubbers lying down below, below!" they will quote, and hitch up their trousers as to the music-hall manner born. But probably the truth is but too, too prosaic. With our motor baronets turning out cars by the thousand like sausages and successive Chancellors laying greedy hands on the taxes therefrom, so that there is no money to make more road space for the ever-growing stream, life on the no-longer-open road has become intolerable and withal expensive to the people who used to motor for pleasure. Motoring is no longer a pleasure. For the recreation they used to get out of a spin they have to turn somewhere else.

***

Nowhere is the poetry of motion so satisfying as on the water. In the air it is noisy and cold; on the earth there is too much call for circumspection; in neither medium is there the real thrill of movement untrammelled, of speed—if you must come to use that word—sheer speed, consistent speed, heedless almost of anyone else, and speed that you can recognise and enjoy regardless of any other factor.

***

The popularisation of motor boating for the million—to use a hackneyed phrase—originated really in America, where they have ideal waterways for it. But Britain is not far behind in proportion to population and water space, and the spread of this comparatively new sport is fast attaining the dimensions of a boom. We are blessed, too, with some brilliant designers, such as Mr. Hubert Scott Payne, who was chiefly responsible for Sir Henry Segrave's Miss England, now holder of the world's speed record on water. As to boat-building, of course, it may be said without boasting that we have nothing to learn, but have only to adapt the skill that is our legacy of centuries of experience.

***

Motor beating is now known quite officially in this country as "marine motoring," because almost every type of road vehicle has its counterpart in some motor boat. Even the humble "push-bike" has its opposite number on the water, as was shown when a fair mannequin from Switzerland recently cycled across the Channel.

*Keystone*

*Three ladies, Miss Joan Spicer, Mrs. Christie and Miss Zoe Livesey, who braved sea and fog to try to achieve the honour of winning the race from Dover to Calais and back, studying their chart. They were all rescued after getting lost in the Channel*

*The little cockle-shells are seen dashing out of Dover Harbour at over 30 miles per hour. Owing to accidents in this thrilling and bold race were finally rescued*

# THE NEW SPORT

E. M. WRIGHT

*Planet News*

*Sir Henry Segrave seen aboard his motor boat Miss Alacrity, which he raced against German competitors on the Templiner Lake at Berlin. Achieving a speed of 68 m.p.h., he gained an easy victory over all the other competitors*

THE motor cycle of the water is the outboard craft. This is the term for a boat of any kind with a separate engine unit temporarily clamped on to the transom instead of being permanently built in-board. Though almost any kind of boat, within reasonable limits, can be propelled by an outboard motor, the hulls mostly used are specially built for the purpose. They vary in avoirdupois from a featherweight skimmer some 8ft. or 9ft. long to something approaching the yacht's dinghy, a stoutly built, deep-sea-going affair, and cost anything from £15 to £70 or more. The engines vary from a nominal horse-power of 2 to 8, actual horse-power developed being between three and four times the nominal, according to type, and their prices run from about £30 to over £75.

***

THE outboard engine is a complete unit, comprising a tank for petrol and oil, the engine itself, complete with carburetter, ignition apparatus, pump for cooling water, etc., and propeller-shaft, propeller and rudder. Though euphemistically termed portable, it must be remembered that the word is a relative term only; and some one or two of the smallest of these units might be carried by a girl, but some of the heavier and more powerful examples frankly require two strong men to take them down to the water and fit them in position. Though the least expensive of all motor boats, this is the type which provides the greatest thrills of speed—if thrills are wanted. A racing hull is very lightly built, and is in shape similar to one of the floats of a seaplane. The bottom is flat, except for a single "step," which, as one gets up speed, enables it to rise out of the water and skim along the surface. Thereafter progress is a series of bumps, as if hitting one wave crest after another, though the water may appear to be quite calm. It is like the sensation of a racing car with the shock absorbers screwed up tight.

***

BUT what contributes most to the impression of speed is the position of the driver—or I suppose he should be called the pilot or helmsman—low down in the stern. Even when hurtling round Brooklands in a low-built racing car one's eye level is comparatively high above the surface of the ground, and the nearest objects large enough to give an idea of the speed at which one passes them are comparatively far away at the side of what seems a vast expanse of concrete. In the air there is not even this much to give one the impression of speed.

***

VERY different is it with the pilot of a low-built "outboard hydroplane," to give it its full technical name. The level of his eyes is only a foot or two above the water, and from such a viewpoint the effect of the twin bow wave flying past, the sting of the spume lashing his face as he turns into the wind, and the hiss of the boiling wash rising in a mountain just aft combine to provide a thrilling sensation.

*SPEED—THE GREAT NEW SPORT (continued)*

## OUTBOARD CRAFT AND THEIR USES

*A very fast speed launch made by the Bergius Co., Ltd., of 254, Dobbie's Loan, Glasgow*

It was in this type of boat that Segrave first "took to the water," as it were. That was in 1927, when he had just returned from doing 200 m.p.h. in the 1,000 h.p. Sunbeam car at Daytona. It may be remembered that on his return from this year's double success in America he said that handling the boat, Miss England, at over 80 m.p.h was far more sensational and a good deal more dangerous than driving the Golden Arrow at nearly three times that speed.

***

While racing, naturally enough, figures very prominently in all mention of outboard motor boating, it should not be imagined that the utility of such craft is solely confined to racing. Just as in motoring on land the sports types of car forms a happy medium between the avowed racing model and the plodding family car, so on the water you can make a similar compromise and invest in a boat primarily designed for pleasure, yet with enough speed to satisfy the ordinary week-end motor-boating enthusiast.

***

The smaller outboard boats can be kept at home, if garage space allows, and towed to the waterside on a trailer behind the car. Trailers specially designed for the job cost between £20 and £25.

***

Next in size is the motor launch or runabout, which is the light car of the water. The launch is the oldest form of motor-boat, and, in spite of the multiplication of much faster types, it shows no decline in popularity. A speedier and more modern version directly descended from the launch is what is termed the runabout, which typifies the modern trend of motor-boat design in that it follows car practice closely in the lay-out of its seating and controls.

***

Quite a speedy 4-5-seater runabout can be obtained for under £300, fitted with a four-cylinder engine of about 16 h.p., which would give a speed of some 18 m.p.h.

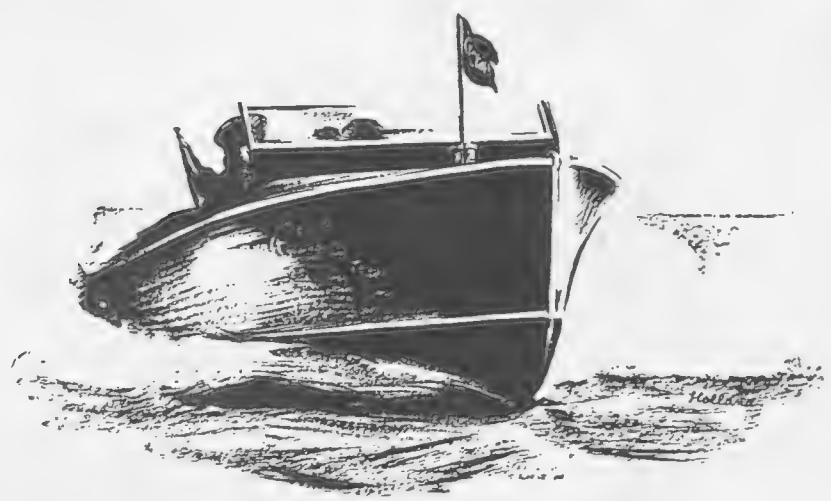
***

Offspring of the runabout and grandson, so to speak, of the launch is the speed boat, in which a vast business in joy rides is being done at all the popular seaside resorts. In the new boom in marine motoring the speed boat takes second place only to the outboard craft in popularity. This is the *big* sports car of the water.

***

There are many makes of speed boat, and almost all of them are marketed in a number of models varying in price according to size, power and speed. The popular speed boats which are to be seen at every seaside resort cost between £550 and £750, and have six-cylinder engines of about 100 h.p. and a speed of 30 knots. (A "knot," by the way, is the speed of one nautical mile per hour; and the first "howler" the new sailor must learn to avoid is to speak of "knots per hour." Thirty knots would be roughly equivalent

(Continued on page 672)

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both to the commercial and to the private speed-boat owner. All over the world there are Chris-Craft, after years of hard service, still fulfilling their unfailing high performance; their owners write eulogistically upon the merits of their craft. Chris-Craft sell in larger quantities than any other types of speed-boat.

Chris-Craft are fast . . . . and perfectly safe. More easily handled than a car, they implicitly obey the hand of the novice, yet they readily respond to the hardest demands of the expert.

# CHRIS-CRAFT

£550 to £3,000 The World's greatest All-Mahogany Speed-Boats 30 h.p. to 45 h.p.

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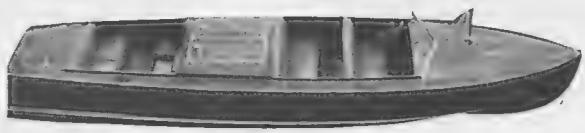
THE

# DODGE

WATERCAR



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| Two 20 ft. Models - - - | £425 & £525 |
| Four 26 ft. Models - - - | from £790 |
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A special prize of £25 is offered: write for full particulars.

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## Outboard Motors *Lead for SPEED, SILENCE & EASY STARTING*

THE 1929 Super Elto Outboard Motors have introduced entirely new pleasures to outboard motor boating.

Their exclusive mechanical advantages—pioneered and perfected by ELTO, make them by far the world's finest outboard motors. They are unequalled by any for power, speed, absolute silence and easy starting. They hold the world's high speed records, yet are equally distinguished for heavy duty.

No other outboards are as easy to start. No inconvenient cords—just a finger-tip flip of the flywheel and you're away.

ELTO Outboards are easily portable and instantly attached to *any* boat.

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**DO THIS NOW**

*Write for a FREE copy of our illustrated catalogue No 906.*

*There are five Elto Outboards for high speed and heavy duty.*

PRICES *from*

**£35**

*Hire purchase terms arranged.*

The Super Elto Starts with a quarter turn

**OUTBOARD MOTORS**

## ELTO MOTOR SALES Co.

"ELTO" HOUSE, 24, Harrison St., London, W.C.1

N.P.C.

*SPEED—THE GREAT NEW SPORT—(continued from page 670)*

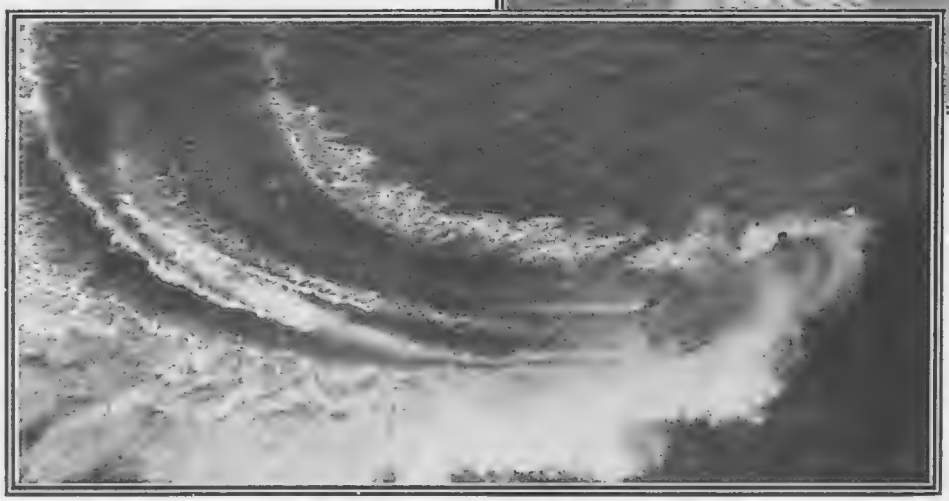
## THE QUESTION OF RUNNING COSTS

to 35 land miles per hour.) Beyond this mark speed becomes relatively expensive. To attain even an extra knot or two many more "horses" are required; and the price rises steeply.

***

Now to turn to the all-important question of running costs; there is no driving licence or tax similar to that on a car. Except on the Thames, river and harbour dues are paltry compared with garage charges for a car. On the canals there are lock dues to pay, but these are no more in the aggregate than the road

*Four Chris-Craft speed boats out on a trial run*



*A 23-ft. Power Boat making a sharp turn*

tolls still imposed at so many spots in favourite touring grounds, such as the West Country. The sole item of any magnitude in a year's actual outlay on motor-boating is that of insurance, which on one's first boat is about fifty per cent. greater than that of a car of equivalent value. The rates, however, are not standardised as they are in motoring on land, irrespective of the skill of the owner or the state of his "crime sheet" at Lloyd's. As soon as the new owner shows that he has a head on his shoulders he should find this item dropping to land level or even lower.

(*Continued on page 674*)

THE BRITISH

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OUTBOARD MOTOR

embodies advanced and exclusive features which make for HIGHEST EFFICIENCY and enable it to easily surpass the performance of heavier and higher capacity motors.

Two models cover every need—the SPORTS "UTILITY" for ordinary cruising and the SPORTS "RACING" for speed work.

Choose a DUNELT—tested and proved the finest Outboard Motor in the World. Write for List of Motors, Boats and Trailers.

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Models from
£35

BROOKE

Standard Motor Craft
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BROOKE Marine Motors, 3 to 100 h.p., include the popular "HUNDRED" 6-cylinder O.H.V. Model at
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Ideal for Speed Boats and Express Craft.

*backed by 30 Years' real Marine Experience, are:—*

All British productions, decidedly superior to any other in their class in Engine reliability, seaworthiness and comfort.

Runabouts from 16 ft. upward: the Popular "Seacar" 24-ft. 32 m.p.h. Speed Boats; and the BROOKE 30-ft. Twin Screw Seagoing Cruiser.

*Send for details to:—*
J. W. BROOKE & Co. Ltd.
LOWESTOFT.

New, Specially Built BROOKE 52-ft. Twin "HUNDRED" Engined Express Cruiser. Speed 17½ m.p.h.

## INTERNATIONAL OUTBOARD MOTOR-BOAT RACES.

### SWEEPING BRITISH SUCCESSES IN GERMANY.

In the face of very keen competition on the part of Germany, France and Italy, Mr. H. J. P. Bomford, in his outboard motor-boat "Sea Hopper," has been successful in winning six of the important events in the International Motor-Boat Races held in Berlin on June 1st and 2nd.

"Sea Hopper," which ran on Pratts Spirit, captured the Grand Prix of Berlin; the International Challenge Trophy of Germany and the Royal Dutch Motor-Boat Club Cup Mr. Bomford also won the 32 Kilometres, Long Distance and the Unlimited races.

# Every Boat is a Faster Boat on Pratts

SPEED—THE GREAT NEW SPORT (continued from page 672)

## CRAFT FROM THE STATES

*A 38-ft. fast cruising Thornycroft Hydroplane with an approximate speed of 32 knots*

### *Where to Go for Boats and Engines*

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the outstanding British pioneers is Mr. Arthur Bray, whose showrooms are at 14, Baker Street, W.1. To describe the boats that Mr. Bray handles it would be almost easier to give a list of those he does not. Possibly his principal line is the Chris-Craft speed boat, an American production which is so far easily the most popular of the hundreds of speed boats that are giving joy-rides at so much a head at our coastal resorts.

***

FROM America also comes what is so far the most popular outboard motor, namely, the Elto, handled in this country by the Elto Motor Sales Co., 24, Harrison Street, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. The range comprises at one end a lightweight single-cylinder model, costing £35, and at the other end the high-speed Quad., which with a suitable hull can attain speeds of well over 35 knots. The Elto people also handle hulls for outboard boating.

***

ANOTHER firm producing both boats and engines is Dunford and Elliott (Sheffield), Ltd., of Bath Street, Birmingham. These are the makers of the celebrated

(Continued on page 676)

*St. Joan: A powerful cruiser designed and built by Messrs. J. W. Brooke and Co., Ltd., of Lowestoft*

**GIPSY MOTH,** the world's most famous light aeroplane. Fitted with Handley Page Safety Slots. 20 m.p.g., 100 m.p.h. Flying a Moth is far less trying than threading through crowded roads. Standard machine, ready to fly away, £675.

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**AUBURN**—Straight Eight, a standard model of which covered 2,033 miles in 24 hours (average 84.7354 m.p.h.). Delightfully easy control. Wonderful speed capacity. 8 cylinder models from £640; 6 cylinder models from £465.

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***Whether you seek the thrill of speed on land, sea or air—see the Safe Silent Trio at the above showrooms.***

# FOLDING BOATS AND STRUCTURES, LTD.,

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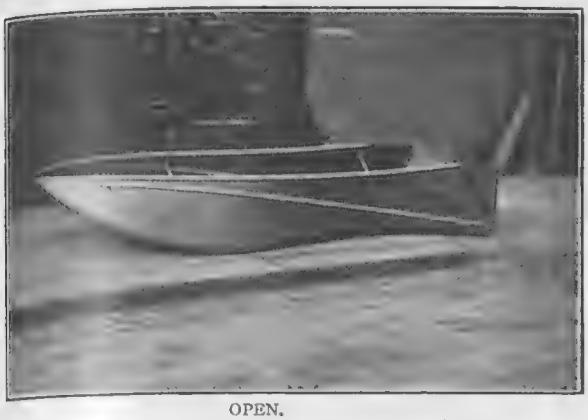
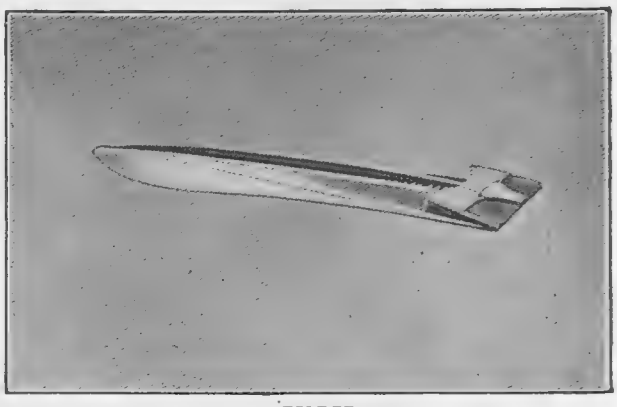


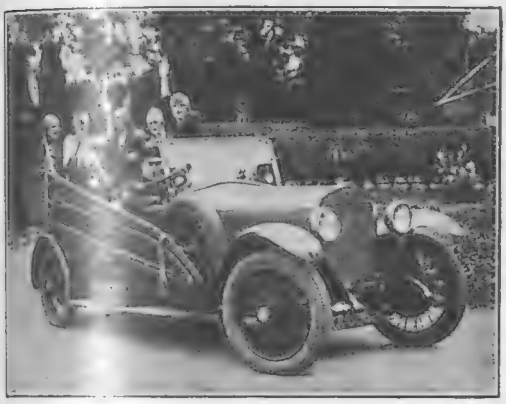
OPEN.

11′ × 4′
Weight complete, 90 lbs.



FOLDED.

The Stowaway folding motor boat—all mahogany hull—opened or folded with a single movement—light, strong and absolutely watertight—will take up to fastest racing outboards. The patented Stowaway construction has stood the test of time and these boats are in every way superior to ordinary standard rigid boats.



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# THE MOTOR BOAT SPEED CHAMPIONSHIP of GERMANY *won on*

**WAKEFIELD**

# CASTROL

**MOTOR OIL**

On June 1st and 2nd, 1929, Maj. Sir Henry Segrave, piloting the famous Napier-engined

"MISS ENGLAND"

on which he regained the World's Motor Boat Speed Championship from America, won the Motor Boat Speed Championship of Germany on the Templiner Lake, near Potsdam, using Wakefield CASTROL. "Miss England" averaged 68 m.p.h., and covered one lap at 74·3 m.p.h.

Sir Henry also won the 10 Miles Unrestricted Keel Race with "MISS ALACRITY," which was also lubricated with Wakefield Castrol Motor Oil.

**Follow the example of Maj. Sir Henry Segrave and the Recommendation of over 230 Leading Motor Manufacturers—insist on Wakefield CASTROL!**

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London, E.C.2.

SPEED—THE GREAT NEW SPORT (continued from page 674)

*Typical of small outboard craft : An Elto-engined Hydroplane*

Dunelt two-stroke motor cycle, and they have applied the same principle of the truncated piston to an excellent little outboard motor boat engine, which they sell at the price of £35 for the sports utility and £40 for the sports racing type. Suitable hydroplanes are also obtainable.

* * *

ANOTHER excellent British production is the Viking four-stroke outboard unit. This has a horizontally opposed twin four-stroke engine that develops 20 b.h.p. The Viking is made by British Outboards, Ltd., at Bosham, Sussex, whose offices are at 47, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

* * *

FOR general service launches and similar craft the Bergius Co., Ltd., of Dobbie's Loan, Glasgow, has been famous for years.

*A new Sports British-built Dunelt, costing only £65*

This company builds almost every type of motor boat for general and heavy duty.

* * *

ANOTHER production quite suitable for outboard boating with very small engines is the folding type of boat produced by Folding Boats and Structures, Ltd., of 45, Pall Mall, S.W.1. A folding boat offers the advantage of large seating capacity for minimum weight, and can be carried to almost any venue. Experience shows that these boats last for years.

* * *

THE firm of Malcolm Campbell (London), Ltd., will go down to history as one of the first amongst London motor firms to cater for sportsmen by land, sea or air. Several types of motor boats are handled, the principal one being the Aquamobile speed boat. I was interested to hear that this concern had sold twenty-two aeroplanes to private owners in one month.

* * *

THE Dodge is another American speed boat. Called the Dodge Watercar, it is sold in this country by the well-known motor firm, Dodge Bros. (Britain), Ltd.

* * *

NO fewer than three of the types of boat dealt with in my article above are supplied by Messrs. J. W. Brooke and Co., the well-known shipbuilders and engineers of Lowestoft. These are the runabout, the speed boat and cabin cruiser. The Seacar is the firm's 24-foot, 30 m.p.h. speed boat, engined with a 100 h.p. six-cylinder Brooke motor and priced at £750.

* * *

THOSE requiring a boat specially built to order for any purpose would be well advised to consult Messrs. Taylor and Bates, the well-known boat builders of Chertsey.

E. M. W.


# Your Beauty is what you make it!

*says Helena Rubinstein—the world-famous beauty specialist.*

If you neglect your skin it takes its revenge by growing old. If you cover it day after day with inert, clogging creams and lotions, it will turn dull, sallow and lifeless. But when you rouse it, animate it with ACTIVE BEAUTY-BUILDERS, your swift reward is the priceless radiant look of youth!
Activity is the basic secret of beauty—and on this principle HELENA RUBINSTEIN has created her unique Valaze Scientific Beauty Preparations.

*Helena Rubinstein*

## Three Steps to Beauty!

**First.**
Cleanse and mould—with Helen Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream—A beautifying balm of rarest quality. Lifts away the drawn look from eyes and forehead. Moulds contours back to youth. Protects delicate skins. It is the only cream cleanser which benefits oily, disturbed skins.
**3/-, 5/-**

**Second.**
Clear and animate—with Helena Rubinstein's Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece which purifies, whitens and refines every skin. Unexcelled for correcting freckles, tan and sallowness.
**4/6, 9/6**

**Third.**
Tone and Brace the tissues with Helena Rubinstein's Skin-Toning Lotion. It irons away lines, and keeps the contour youthful..... **5/-, 9/6**

*Helena Rubinstein Ltd.*
**24, Grafton St., London, W.1**
*Paris.* *New York.*

*Helena Rubinstein's Valaze Beauty Preparations, obtainable at Boots Cash Chemists and High-Class Stores everywhere.*



# Sir Henry Segrave

**used**

# K·L·G

SPARKING PLUGS

**in the Napier-Lion engine of the**

# "Miss England"

# Memories of the Lovable Fragrance

## Uneasy Elegance

How droll and strange it is to think that for the Ascot finery of 1770 there weren't any shoes but unshaped things of tottering heels, without distinction between 'rights and lefts'! And yet my lady's walk was elegance itself—dulcet with the sibilance of silk and fragrant with the breath of the Yardley Lavender. ¶ Was ever perfume prized so dearly as this is in the fashionable world to-day? Wistful. Winsome. Caressing. Cool. And to the weary and the sick a fragrance more than lovable—a blessing of solace and peace.

# YARDLEY'S LAVENDER

*Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs, & Stores*

*Bottles from* 16/6 *to* 2/6

*Decanters from* 21/-

YARDLEY Established 1770 8 NEW BOND STREET LONDON

FLYING NOTES

*Officers of the Royal Danish Navy Flying School beside one of the Moths used for instruction. The School Commander, Captain-Lieutenant Jensen, is seen in the left foreground*

# PLANS FOR THE AIR SEASON

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

### *The Aero Show*

THIS year's event is easily the most important which has yet been held. Not only are all British firms represented, but there is to be a strong contingent of machines from Italy, France, Germany and the United States. Aircraft will range from tiny single-seaters ready to fly priced at £400 to the largest air liner holding 40 passengers, and there will be many Service types which have hitherto been on the Secret List. The "Bristol Bulldog," the only machine which has, so far, been able to perform a feat called the "inverted rocket" will be on view. This manœuvre consists of turning the 'plane over on its back immediately after taking off the ground, whereupon it is propelled vertically upwards for hundreds of feet before making an outside loop so that the pilot may see the ground again.

### *Special Air Traffic Arrangements*

IT is probable that permission will be given for marine aircraft to alight somewhere on the Thames for the Aero Show, and should the site be near Hammersmith it will mean only a short car ride to Olympia. If the lower reaches of the river are chosen for reasons of safety, Hammersmith can be reached easily by motor boat. Land machines can use Hanworth Park or Heston, both of which are within a quarter of an hour of the Show by car.

### *Where to Land*

VISITORS to the Royal Air Force Display are not allowed to land at Hendon, but Stag Lane is within walking distance, being less than a mile away. For the Schneider Trophy race, special regulations will be issued later concerning marine aircraft moorings. Hamble and Cowes aerodrome expect to receive and handle up to 1,000 land machines, though the majority will have to be pegged out overnight. This is no hardship to the modern aeroplane, which seems to preserve its schoolgirl complexion under the most trying conditions of weather, and can certainly give points to the motor car in this respect.

*The Desoutter Cabin Monoplane. It is a fast three-seater de luxe machine of great power*

### *The Gipsy and the Cirrus*

THE Gipsy Moth having taken first and second places in the New Zealand Aerial Derby, it was only right and proper that the Cirrus Moth should have the honours in Australia. A battle royal is being staged for the King's Cup Race, which is our substitute for an Aerial Derby. The two engines are almost evenly matched for power, and each will be fitted in several different types of machine. The new Bluebird is the dark horse, and no one as yet knows what the Spartan can do with its tail well up for a thousand miles. Both the Avian and the Widgeon have improved their performances since last year, so that we have at least five different light 'planes to give the handicappers some sleepless nights. In addition to the King's Cup and prize money to the value of £500 given by Sir Charles Wakefield, the light 'plane clubs and their members are competing for the Siddeley Trophy and cash prizes up to £100 from Mr. Alan Butler.

### *Home Notes for Air Tourists*

MAIDENHEAD can be added to the list of places which provide a good "pull-up" for airmen, the site being just off the Windsor road. The Cambridge Aero Club held their second meeting at Connington, and for the benefit of those who were unlucky enough to miss a good show and who may want to visit the district, the aerodrome is six miles south-east of Huntingdon and four miles south of St. Ives. It should not be confused with Marshall's new civil aerodrome one mile east of Cambridge, where hangar accommodation and full service is already available.

### *At Heston*

THE Household Brigade Flying Club is having quarters in a very attractive building now being erected at Heston by Messrs. Norman and Muntz, who have set out to create the finest privately owned air service depot in the country. The scheme also includes lock-ups for private owners at £1 a week with service, a large public hangar for visitors, bulk petrol and oil storage, and showrooms for light 'planes, some of which have already been booked.

BY VERNON WARD

# SILK WORMS

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# Fashions Fancies

## PERSONALITY IN THE BOUDOIR

*The clothes which a woman wears during her leisured hours are those which most truly express her personality. Depicted above are two diverse styles of boudoir attire sponsored by the Army and Navy Stores. The woman in the foreground wears a graceful tea-gown of buttercup-yellow georgette and lace. It is intricately cut on Princess lines. The girl is clad in a black satin smoking suit, with a black and gold brocade coat. Her visitor's dress is of leaf-patterned beige lace*

# CLOTHES WHICH ARE GOOD INVESTMENTS

### *Barbaric Influences*

THERE is nothing new under the sun, and so it is perhaps not surprising to find that the most modern fashions have been inspired by archaic carvings and old pictures. The patterns, and even the colourings, of many of the newest printed fabrics are founded on ancient Chinese designs, while the influence of age upon the art of the jewellers of to-day is obvious. Cabochon rings and the choker necklaces of beaten metal which are so popular all tell their tale. We are even transported back to the Stone Age, for the latest arrival has very aptly been christened the "Cave-man Necklet"! It is composed of what appear to be rough-hewn pebbles, threaded on a leather thong, and fastened with a rather large hook!

*This perfectly tailored tweed costume has been built by Smee for town or country wear*

### *Indispensable Suits*

NOT for several seasons have tailored suits enjoyed such a measure of success as that which is now accorded to them. Practically every well-dressed woman one meets wears a neat coat and skirt for her morning walk, and almost invariably it is made of tweed or else of fine black cloth. In either case her accessories are cleverly chosen, and the cut of her suit is above reproach. Illustrated on this page is a loosely woven tweed costume, which comes from Smee, of 55, South Molton Street. It can be made to measure for six guineas, in a wide range of colours and designs. Long travelling coats are available for the same amount, or there are fur-trimmed models which gradually rise in price to 20 guineas.

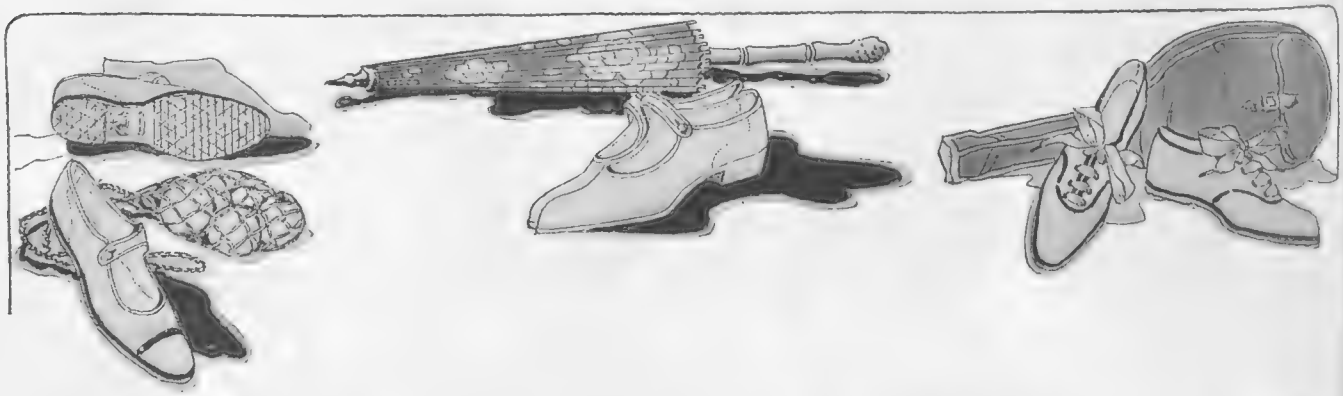
### *Summer Furs*

FURS are regarded by intelligent women in the light of a sound investment, and this is particularly true of those which are selected with care during the summer sales. Who would not wish to become the possessor of the beautiful American broadtail coat sketched on this page, especially for the sum of 75 guineas? It is cut on graceful lines, and has a very flattering collar of blue fox. During the Summer Sale at the Fraser Fur Co., which is on the first floor at 237, Regent Street, dark and light pony skin coats trimmed with South American skunk or beaver will be available for 24 guineas; moleskin wraps will cost only 18 guineas; and mink marmot coats, made from perfectly matched skins, are priced at 21 guineas. There are also some excellent ties and stoles in squirrel, fox, stone-marten, and sable fitch. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free on request.

*A luxurious coat which comes from the Fraser Fur Co. It is of beige American broadtail, with a full collar of blue fox*

### *Practical Footwear*

NOTHING is of greater importance to the open-air woman than comfortable and reliable footwear, for on this depends her fleetness in the game. The North British tennis shoes, sketched at the foot of this page, fit snugly round the heel and instep, while the white canvas river shoes have rubber soles and heels which afford a good grip, and lessen the danger of an unpremeditated dip!



*Outdoor enthusiasts will appreciate these North British sports shoes. On the left are white canvas tennis shoes with green strappings; on the right is a laced model with brown strappings; and in the centre are rubber-soled river shoes, which are as smart as they are practical*

# DRESSED for WIMBLEDON

The final touch, the *coup de chic,* the crowning loveliness—a necklet of Ciro pearls. Could anything look more adorably right for the dress and the occasion? Could anything be more startlingly and exactly and enduringly like the necklet of real pearls for which you would have to mortgage several years' dress allowance?

Expose these Ciro pearls to any test of sight in any light, and you will detect no difference between them and real pearls—whether in colour, in texture, or in lustre. If after a fortnight's wear you think you can, you need not pay for them. For these are the terms on which you buy Ciro pearls:—

## OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro pearls 16 inches long, as shown in the photograph above. Wear it a fortnight and if, on comparison with real pearls, you can find any difference, the money shall be returned.

*Send for Ciro Pearl and Jewellery Booklets No. 7 post free.*

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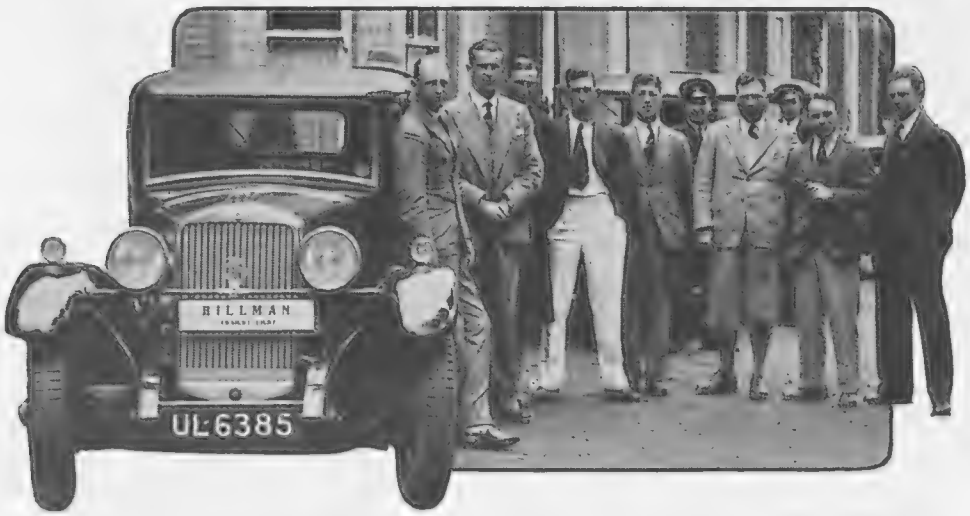
*Photograph by Bertram Park. Model hat by Madame Hayward.*

MOTOR NOTES

# A BREATH OF FRESH AIR—IN 1929

By E. M. WRIGHT




*The South African cricket team seen at Ascot during their recent tour of the Home Counties. They are seen with one of the Hillman Straight Eights, provided by Rootes, Ltd., in which they made the tour*

FEW people stop to inquire into the truth of a generally accepted tradition. We British, for instance, are popularly supposed to revel in cold baths and fresh air. In point of fact, nothing could be farther from the truth—as regards the latter, at any rate! You need only study the trend of modern motor construction to give the old tradition the lie. In the first days of motoring, when cars were innocent of even a windscreen, we made a virtue of necessity and rather gloried in our assumed indifference to the weather. Then came in due course the refinements of a windscreen, a hood, and rigid sidescreens, thus bringing into being the all-weather car. Who thought then to sigh for the days of the ever-open car? But our sybaritish souls craved for something more, and now we have the saloon sweeping all before it in its far from slow and halting flight.

As it was with baths so it is with motor cars. The closed car, once scorned as a "fug-box," has taken the motoring world by storm. I shall continue the analogy even farther. Despite tradition, I rather suspect that it was only a very small minority who bathed regularly in the Spartan days of cold tubs. To-day we have the evidence of statistics to prove that the boom in motoring is roughly coincident with the rise to popularity of the closed car. And how great that popularity is may be gauged by the

## THIS WEEK'S HINT

### PRESERVING TYRE COVERS

**IN a previous hint (May 22) I referred to the importance of keeping the tyres fully inflated. Regular inspection of the covers will minimise the risk of a burst. Go over the covers carefully at regular intervals and remove all stones from the tread, as these will in time cut holes in the cover. At the same time, fill up any small cuts with tyre stopping, which can be obtained cheaply at any motor dealer's. It is most important to pay attention to such cuts, as, apart from the risk of puncture, they allow water to get in and rot the inner fabric.**

**A tyre pick is a useful and inexpensive little gadget for this purpose. It can be used for removing stones from the tread, for probing weak and damaged places, and for scraping out stones and grit that have worked their way under the cover, while its rounded heel is very handy for pressing tyre stopping into the cuts.**

(*Continued on page* vi)

LAGONDA
MY DEAR WATSON

We have here three hairpins and a box, we have the significant words "on top" and "three up" . . .
Yes, my dear Watson—but imagination is as essential to the detective as a close study of the facts. Is not the solution obvious? Here was a man driving a car "on top" gear; he drove it up Box Hill, via the three hair-pin bends; there were two passengers beside himself.* Nothing more remains save the name of the car, and, my dear Watson, even you must have realised that it could only be a LAGONDA.

*From the "Daily Mirror" report of the Lagonda 3-litre "six."

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*George IV, when Regent, plays at "Whites."*

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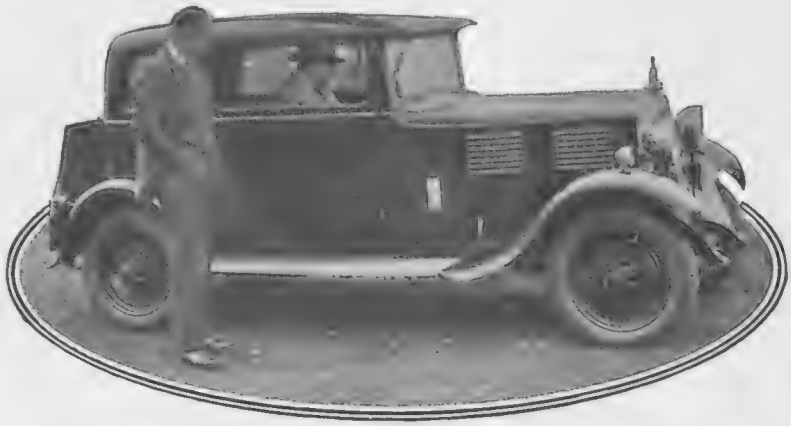
MOTOR NOTES (continued from page iv)

fact that, although the vogue of the saloon is only of comparatively recent origin, there are already several makers who no longer include touring models in their standard range. Having banished fresh air from motoring, however, the British motorist now finds that he wants it back again—on occasion. A fine, sunny day turns him once more into a devoted fresh-air enthusiast. Thus comes about this latter-day development in the design of body-work. The open car that could be closed is dead—or fast dying; but in its place we have innumerable examples of the closed car that can be opened, upon occasion.

* * *

THIS type is not altogether new, but it was not until the last year or so that it became popular. Speaking generally, opening saloons fall under two types: (1) Those in which only a portion of the roof can be opened, and (2) those in which the whole of the roof and the rear quarter can be folded like the hood of a touring car, leaving only the framework of the windows and doors on each side to distinguish it from the open car proper. The first type comprises sliding roofs, in which the front half slides over the rear half, and folding roofs in which the first three-quarters of the roof is carried on a lazy-tongs arrangement like that of a touring car hood, and folds back on top of the rear quarter. Thus, the latter opens more of the roof, but is not so neat nor so easily operated. Furthermore, with the folding roof it is all or nothing; whereas the sliding roof can be partially opened when the weather is sufficiently good to merit it.



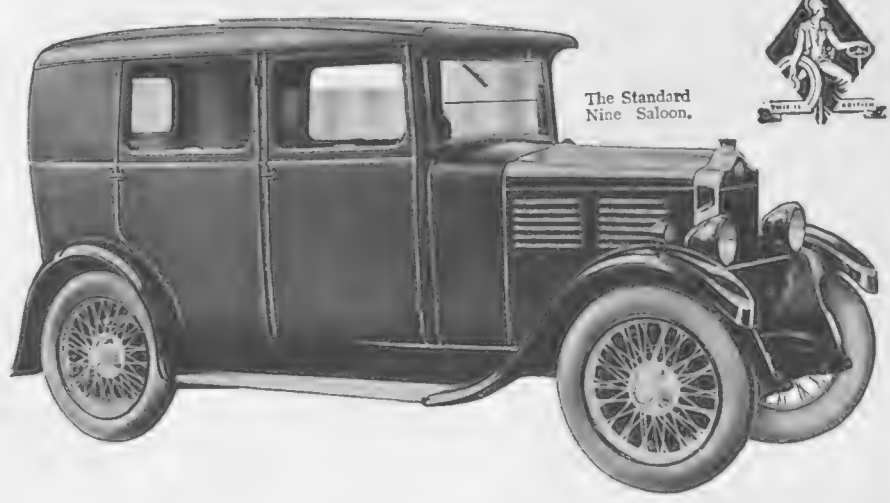
*Mr. C. Cecil Williams standing beside one of the latest 15 h.p. six-cylinder Standard Tourist Coupés. Seated in the car is Mr. A. H. Wilde, Designer and Chief Engineer to the Standard Motor Co.*

NOT even their most fervent adherents, however, would deny that sliding and folding roofs are but half-measures for those who want a real breath of fresh air. For this we must turn to the second type, in which the whole of the head and the rear quarter folds back. Here pride of place must be given to the Tickford body, which was first introduced years ago and is now coming into its own in earnest. It is operated with the greatest ease by means of a handle; and the design is such that the material when it is folded cannot be nipped by the mechanism, so that quite heavy hood leathers can be used without undue tendency to crack. Another interesting body of a similar type, but operated by hand, is the Moorland, made by the Connaught Motor and Carriage Co. In this, once the head has been released from the windscreen pillars, it is operated almost entirely by concealed springs. The Moorland body costs about £175 to £200 on a medium-sized car, and I understand that the Tickford is about the same.

* * *

THEORETICALLY the most attractive of these opening saloons is the As-U-Dryv, because it can be operated from the driver's seat, if necessary, while the car is moving. Furthermore, this is available as standard on one very popular make of car, and that at little or no more than the price of the standard saloon. I refer to the Singer, on which the As-U-Dryv can be obtained on the Junior at £175, on the Senior at £270, and on the Six at £350—the same price as the ordinary coach-built saloon on this model.

E. M. W.




THE Standard Nine is no toy. It boasts a certain dignity that becomes its roominess, its trim neat lines, and its willing power. Priced well under £200 it can give the owner-driver and the family man every thrill and every luxury that motoring has to offer. Speed with safety, arm-chair comfort with a sliding roof—so that you may see the sky and catch the sunshine without catching the showers. Every Standard model is a model standard of what British engineering can do when asked to give of its best.

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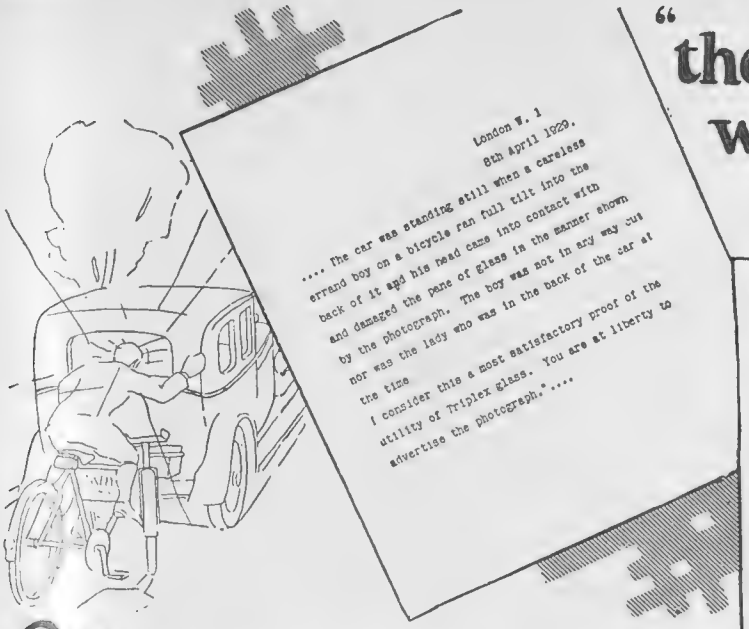
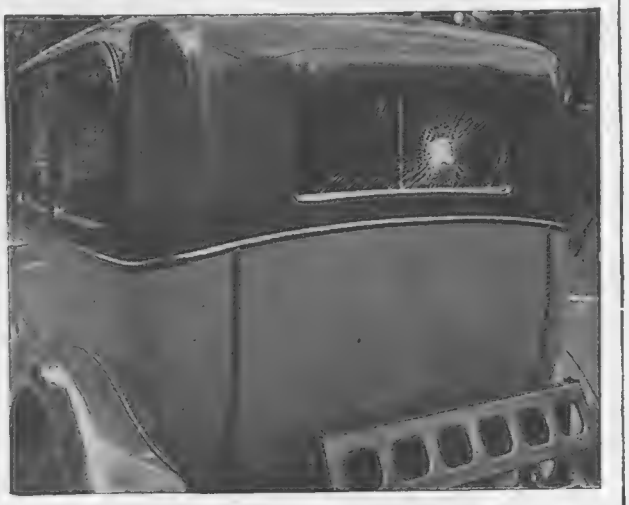



"the boy was not in any way cut, nor was the lady..."



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# International HORSE SHOW

# THE "WEAKNESS" TAKE-OUT

By "ACES EASY"

THERE seems a very considerable school of thought which believes that a "No Trump" bid should be taken out by the partner only on cards sufficiently high to justify an original call. In other words, with A-K-x-x-x of spades you may bid two spades over your partner's no-trumper, but on Q-J-x-x-x and nothing outside it, you say no bid. The reasons adduced are: (*a*) that the no-trumper then surely knows that if he cannot support your suit he can re-bid his no trumps with confidence, and (*b*) that a weakness take out, while it may save "a few fifties" in the honours score, is far more likely to put the opponents on the bidding track.

❋

LET us consider (*a*) first. If my partner bids a no-trump, his "suit" is high cards; it is a tenet of modern Auction that a suit should be denied if it cannot be supported. Therefore, if I am aceless and faceless, I should deny his suit. I suggest, by calling two spades, that the combined hands will do better with spades trumps. If, now, my partner reads me with five to four honours or five to king-queen and a trick or two outside, and re-bids his no trumps, he must be balmy! If he has bid on three very powerful suits with spade weakness, say, Clubs, A-K-x-x; Diamonds, A-Q-x-x; Hearts, A-K-x, and two small spades, he may go back if he wants to; if he has bid on Clubs, A-x-x, Diamonds, A-K-J-x-x, Hearts, A-x-x, and two small spades, he should deny my spades with diamonds.

MR. MILTON WORK is the prime authority on "strength take-outs only" in major suits. He cites several hands to prove his point, and remarks that owing to the fact that the no-trumper can have confidence enough to deny the take-out with a re-bid of no trumps, many games can be made which would be lost by leaving in the take-out. Obviously. But on every one of Mr. Work's hands you can get game, (*a*) by leaving in the take-out, or (*b*) by denying it and letting your partner put you back to no trumps if he can. A take-out is not a sacrosanct bid—it also can be denied.

❋

I HAVE played Auction for the last fifteen years with great frequency, and I can assure my readers out of the depth of my experience and my study of the game that the weak rescue is a vital factor of the modern game. If your partner bid an average no-trumper, and your opponents be experts, take out his no-trumpers on five cards of any major suit, whether five honours or headed by the six; whether with thirty aces outside or no card above a seven. R. F. Foster analysed 1,000 hands and estimated that the take-out saved on the average well over fifty points a deal. He found that 20,000 points in penalties (the "few fifties" above referred to) were reduced to 750!

❋

IF high cards are announced by your partner's no-trumper, and your hand has two suits of six cards each, both headed by cards below the jack, your hand is worthless to your partner, unless he has A-K-x or better of one of your suits; but if he has called a good no-trump, it should be a game hand for you even in a minor. On such a hand—admittedly a freak—you would pass originally; in consequence, you should not take-out a no-trumper: but if you apply common sense to your calling instead of accepting blind authority (truly blind sometimes) you are due for losing sessions

❋

IN an interesting book I re-read this week, "Auction Bridge Hints," by C. P. Beachcroft, he faces a "bust" holding five spades to the nine with this no-trumper: Spades, 6; Hearts, Q-10-7-5; Diamonds, K-J-8-3; Clubs, A-Q-9-4—on which a non-trump is an iniquitous call, as it is too weak in high cards and all wrong in distribution. It is a borderline one-club. Mr. Beachcroft also quotes the following instance: A no-trumper was take-out on a "bust" with jack-ten five times in clubs; the no-trumper was re-bid and made game. What harm did the take-out do? It is obvious that dealer held nine tricks on his own cards. But had the no-trumper been Spades, x-x; Hearts, A-K-Q; Diamonds, A-K-Q-x; Clubs, A-K-Q-x—also a game hand in no trumps *when you get in*—the club contract would have made game, while the no-trumper would have made two, or might even have been down. I shall return to this vital topic next week, when Competition No. 2 will appear.


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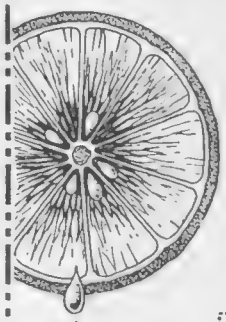

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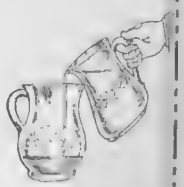

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Like an immortal melody that time cannot age, B.M.C. Silverware is beautiful for ever. It is made by a new process which has completely conquered the fragility hitherto associated with silver articles. B.M.C. brushes, mirrors, photo frames, boxes, calendars, never dent, fracture or deteriorate. The pure silver, Britannia Hall Marked, is electrolytically deposited on to the specially prepared base without the use of filling material, and becomes an actual part of the article itself. Write to us for the name and address of your nearest distributor if you have any difficulty in seeing this exquisite silverware at your silversmith's.

# B M C
# SILVERWARE

British Metallising Company, Limited,
B.12 Gardiner House, 10-14 Charterhouse St., E.C.1

# THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

### *Asparagus Soup*

Cut twenty-five heads of asparagus into inch lengths and boil until tender. Keep aside the heads and rub the rest through a sieve, and then return to the water in which they were boiled. Heat a pint of milk and thicken with 1 oz. of butter and 1 oz. of flour smoothly mixed. Cook for ten minutes, stirring frequently. Add the asparagus pulp, season with salt and pepper, bring to the boil, and add some cream and the heads of the asparagus before serving.

### *Turbot en Matelot*

Put two sliced onions, a large carrot, a bay leaf, parsley, a clove of garlic, three cloves, some peppercorns, and salt into three pints of boiling water, and after an hour's cooking strain and return the liquor to the saucepan with half its quantity of white wine. Cut the turbot into pieces, boil it in this bouillon gently for twenty minutes; meanwhile, fry some sliced onions and some mushrooms in butter, flavour them with pepper, salt, and a pinch of mace, add some flour for thickening, and then sufficient of the liquor in which the fish was boiled to make the quantity of sauce; stir while it boils, and add the yolk of an egg. Pour this sauce over the fish and serve.

### *Fillet of Beef à la Reforme*

Cut some fillets of beef in rounds about an inch thick, fry them quickly in a sauté-pan. Have ready some rounds of fried bread the same size as the fillets. Place a fillet on each, then a cooked tomato and a small piece of crisply fried fat. Put the fillets on a mound of peas, pour a thick gravy round, and serve hot with new potatoes.

### *Tossed New Potatoes*

Scrape some new potatoes and toss them over the fire till they are a golden colour. Shake over salt and pepper, and serve very hot.

### *Fruit Salad in Orange Peel Cups*

Take some oranges, cut off a good piece from the top, and remove the pulp. Chop together some pineapple, skinned grapes, and some cherries; add some orange juice with a dash of lemon. Sweeten and serve in the orange shells.

---

**Dîner**

Hors d'Œuvres Varies.

Asparagus Soup.

Turbot en Matelot.

Fillet of Beef à la Reforme.
Tossed New Potatoes.
Peas.

Fruit Salad in Orange Peel Cups.

Anchovies on Toast.

Café.

---

A Temperance Thought for the Day: Stop the flow of liqueur at the mouth and the source will soon dry up.

* * *

Poison gas has been barred from the next war. Great Scott! Someone must have thought of something worse.

* * *

A scientist has discovered that fear reactions originate in the brain. That explains why it is almost impossible to scare some people.

* * *

It is estimated that a cow moves her jaws 41,000 times each day. But then the cow has something to show for it at the end of the day.

## Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

**VICHY-CÉLESTINS, the famous Natural Mineral Water, when taken regularly tends to increase the appetite. It also stimulates the digestion and renders the assimilation of food more easy and complete.**

**OWING to its unique alkaline properties Physicians throughout the world are constantly prescribing VICHY-CÉLESTINS for regulating and counteracting the acidity of the system which may produce GOUT and RHEUMATISM in their many forms.**

*The French Natural Mineral Water.*

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***Nature's Product. Bottled in its natural state as it flows from the Spring.***

May be drunk at meal-times or any period of the day  Taken with milk it is often preferable to ordinary Soda Water.

*Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.*

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VICHY · ETAT

# BANTAM WEIGHT

This shoe gives an indefinable character to the man who wears it. Ideal for the Dinner, the Dance, the Theatre, Stage Wear and the Thé Dansant.

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*(Next to the Monico.)*

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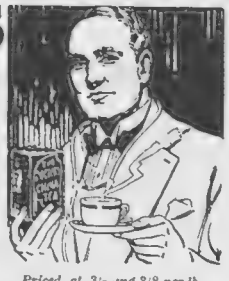
Doctor's China Tea is a real boon to dyspeptics as being a delicious tea that they can drink without fear. Doctor's China Tea cannot be injurious, for it is entirely free from excess of tannin. In actual fact all invalids benefit by taking it, and doctors thoroughly recommend it.



*Priced at 3/- and 3/8 per lb., a super quality at 4/2 per lb.*

# DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

**¼lb SENT FREE**

Send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing for a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3/- and 3/8 blends (i.e. ½lb. in all) absolutely FREE. A 2-oz. packet of the super 4/2 blend will also be enclosed on receipt of an additional 6d.

HARDEN Bros. & LINDSAY Ltd., Dept. 131, 30/34, Mincing Lane, E.C.3

# A perfect gloss

A glossy, healthy head of hair can be yours. It's no secret—just brush a little Rowland's Macassar Oil well into your hair daily. It feeds the hair, prevents it falling out and turning grey. Its age—136 years—is its best guarantee and it contains no harmful ingredients.

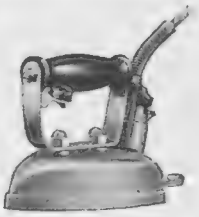
*Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers — 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.*

**Rowland's Macassar Oil**

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

RM8

*"A touch of the switch does it"*

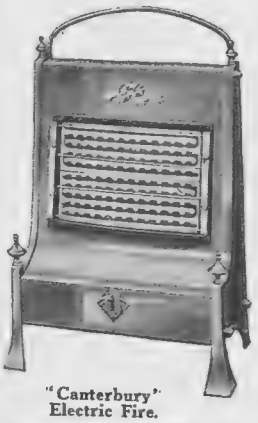


"Treasure" Electric Iron.

By Appointment
Ironfounders to H.M. the King.

# Use CARRON Electric Cooking & Heating Appliances

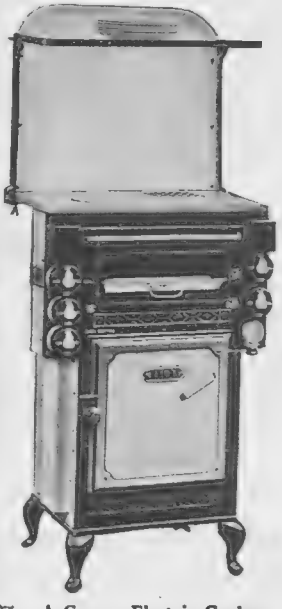
**and ensure a long and satisfactory service.**



"Canterbury" Electric Fire.

**Carron "Treasure" Electric Iron** takes the drudgery out of ironing. Made in 4, 5 and 6 lbs. Prices from **14/-**

**The "Canterbury" Fire** gives an intense radiant heat. Supplied in a variety of attractive finishes. Prices from **£2:15:0**



**Cooker** illustrated has ample cooking facilities for 5 or 6 persons. Carron Cookers can be hired from most Supply Authorities at moderate rates.

*Your Electrical Contractor or Local Supply Authority will give you further particulars, or write for No. 84F Catalogue of Carron Electric Appliances, post free.*

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A Carron Electric Cooker

# MOËT & CHANDON

## CHAMPAGNE

***DRY IMPERIAL*** ***VINTAGE 1919***

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY

Messrs. Moët & Chandon are the owners of the largest acreage of vineyards in the Champagne District and are the biggest distributors of that Wine in the World. They export to this Country a greater quantity of Champagne than any other house.

The "Dry Imperial" 1919 vintage is a very fine example of the brand.

# EDITOR'S BOX

CHOCOLATES FIT FOR A DUKE

### A Presentation Casket

Above is seen a photograph of the domed Milan casket of embossed leather, decorated in gold and studded, presented to the Duke of Norfolk on the attainment of his majority. This casket, which formed a gift of quite a novel sort owing to the nature of its contents, was packed with three layers of Rowntree's Riviera, Tried Favourites, and Chatsworth chocolates, and was presented by the Mayor of Arundel at the banquet at Arundel Castle, held on the last day in May. The card accompanying the casket was inscribed as follows: "Presented to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk on the occasion of his coming-of-age, 30 May, 1929, with the congratulations of the Directors and Employees of Rowntree and Co., Ltd., York. (Signed) Arnold S. Rowntree."

### A Famous Liqueur

The House of Cointreau, established in Angers in 1849 for the manufacture of liqueurs of the highest quality, is an example of remarkable enterprise on the part of successive members of one family in unbroken line. Towards the end of last century this firm began to concentrate on the manufacture of a liqueur known as Triple Sec. Owing to the great number of imitations made in European countries under the name of Triple Sec, and their consequent inability to protect their mark under this name, which was generally interpreted as "three times distilled," the name of Cointreau was substituted. Thanks to the enterprise of the Cointreaus, the family now own not only the original distillery at Angers and one in Brussels, but also have works at Lwow in Poland, Geneva, Berlin, Bucharest, Nimegue, Copenhagen, Vienna, Budapest, and Villafranca. Although various liqueurs, including Kursky Kummel, are manufactured, the greatest proportion of the trade of this house is concentrated on what is universally known to-day as Cointreau Liqueur.

### Bollinger's Champagne

One of the most popular brands of champagne for some years past has been Bollinger's "Special Cuvée." It is an elegant wine of fine quality, and is particularly suitable for social functions. In the summer season it is largely in demand for race meetings, garden parties, picnics, and other outdoor entertainments, in addition to finding continual favour at the leading clubs and restaurants. It has, further, the recommendation of being moderate in price.

### New Cruises

The Hamburg-South American liner "Cap Polonio" is carrying out two cruises de luxe to Scandinavia and Russia this summer. The trips, which are of twenty-four days' duration, start from Hamburg on July 4 and August 6. Among the many places to be visited are Oslo, Copenhagen and Stockholm, the capitals of the three Scandinavian countries, and, of course, the famous fiords will be seen. There will be many interesting trips to be made in Russia, for special tours are arranged so that passengers may visit both Leningrad and Moscow. The s.s. "Cap Polonio" is not only fitted up in excellent style throughout, but is a remarkably comfortable boat, and possesses every modern safety device. Details of the cruise may be obtained from any of the company's branches or the usual passenger booking offices and bureaux.

*Bobby, the little son of Mrs. H. V. Sharp, the popular soprano, who is known professionally as Dorothy Bennett*

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UNIQUE CENTRE FOR EXCURSIONS IN THE FRENCH ALPS.
TENNIS. SWIMMING. GOLF (18 Holes). YACHTING. FISHING.
OPERA, THEATRICAL, CABARET PERFORMANCES BY THE BEST ARTISTS.
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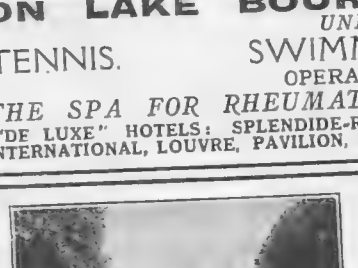
For full particulars please apply to the Comité d'Initiative of Aix-les-Bains.



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OBTAINABLE from all CHEMISTS & HOUSEHOLD FURNISHERS.

# The Call of the great Outdoor is here

The holiday season has commenced and there will be days when the heat of the sun will play havoc with one's enjoyment. Wherever you are, never fail to carry a bottle of "4711" with you. To inhale its fragrance occasionally is truly refreshing. A little "4711" poured in the toilet-basin will speedily banish fatigue and restore energy, mental as well as physical.
When purchasing Eau de Cologne be sure it has the number "4711" on a Blue and Gold Label.

*Obtainable throughout the British Isles from all Dealers in High-Class Perfumes at* **2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 14/-, 15/-, 30/-, 36/- & 56/-** *per bottle.*

## No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

**"4711" *Vanishing Cream***

Refreshingly perfumed with "4711" Eau de Cologne and of exceptionally fine quality.

In pots 2/- each and tubes for the hand-bag 1/- each.

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Delicately perfumed with Otto of Rose, and unequalled in quality. In pots at 1/6 & 2/6 and in tubes at 1/- each

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Perfumed with the fragrance of "4711" Eau de Cologne.

In shades of Rachel, Naturelle, Rose and White. 1/3 per box.

**"4711" *Compact***

*Perfumed with "Tosca"*

Supplied in all shades In elegant gilt, Blue and Gold Case, with Mirror and Puff at 2/6 each. Refills 1/6 each.

# GREY HAIR

THE remarkable feature of Inecto is that it renders a perfectly natural result and, what is more, the hair regains its elasticity, sheen and tone. Recoloration with Inecto is a simple one-treatment process which can be completed within half an hour and, since the resulting colour is permanent, one need have no fears that shampooing or waving will spoil the colour or texture, because it cannot.

At the Inecto Salons there are experts who will be glad to offer their advice on recoloration when so requested.

INECTO

*SALONS*

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*Telephone: Regent 7931.*

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SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

THE smooth, staunch texture of the fabric ensures easy and rapid action in play. Even in the heat of a well-fought match the wearer of a "Tricoline" Shirt has perfect comfort. The Pyjamas are equally cosy and lasting. Tailored and finished to fit, to endure regular use and laundering. A variety of handsome guaranteed colours.

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"TRICOLINE" SHIRTS, COLLARS and PYJAMAS, are sold by leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores, everywhere. If any difficulty, write M.8, "TRICOLINE" House, 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4.

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*To assure you a perfect fit all our creations are*

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# PETER—

## WITH ONE EXCEPTION

With one exception Peter is an ordinary little fellow. Chubby, likeable, just five-and-a-half, full of life and fun, and on occasions—be it admitted—of naughtiness.

Just now Peter's rather important, for this is his first term at school, and he's grappling with the intricacies of "A B C" and "Twice-Two": difficult subjects to all men of five-and-a-half, but even more difficult in Peter's case because—bad luck—he's totally blind. That's his One Exception.

Peter learns reading, writing, and 'rithmetic through the medium of "Braille"—dull stuff compared with the coloured picture books of most five-and-a-halfs. However, he's a stout lad is Peter, and he's making great progress.

Would you like to know more about him? How, in spite of his "One Exception," he is being educated and, when older, technically trained and usefully employed.

There is a long waiting list of "Peters," throughout the British Isles, for whom training and accommodation must be provided in the immediate future.

Will you help with a donation or annual subscription? Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received.
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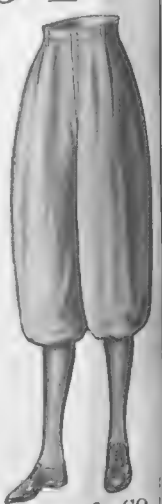

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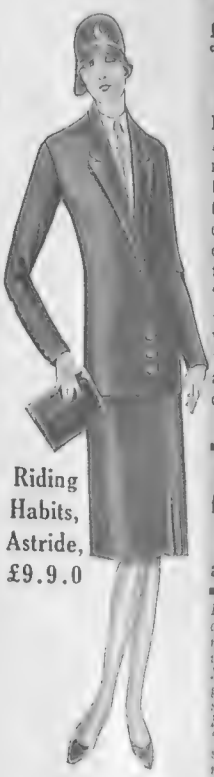

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HAIR & SKIN SPECIALIST.

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*of good quality, smart cut and perfect fit*

**AT JUST ABOUT HALF THE PRICE YOU GENERALLY PAY**

Be wise—give us a call and see for yourself, or if unable to call, send for our range of cloths and perfect self-measure chart. Our Guarantee is—absolute satisfaction or cash promptly and courteously refunded.

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This smart Coat is an exact copy of a Chanel model. It is carried out in Sultan Artificial Silk and trimmed with fur collar. In Navy or Black. Lined with Crêpe de Chine. Sizes S.W. and W. Price 9½ GNS.

*Model Coats: Second Floor.*

SWAN & EDGAR

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**THREE-PIECE SUIT** in lace alpaca, striped jumper with ribbed and striped border, self-coloured sleeveless coat and pleated skirt to match. In the newest colours and stocked in two sizes.

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e v i d e n c e !

# "The Sudden Silence which followed an unearthly Scream . . ."

The cook, the parlourmaid and the housemaid—curiosity prevailing over their fears—decided to intervene. They descended to the dining room, and there they found the two Misses Potts lying on the floor between the fireplace and the window. Miss Diana was on her back—dead. Miss Minerva was clasping her sister's body, her hands at her throat. . . . Close beside her was the poker with which the murder had been committed. Furniture was overturned and ornaments were smashed—signs of a prolonged struggle. In a corner of the room an iron box in which Miss Diana kept money and jewellery stood open and empty. The central bow of the window was open; and it was a bright moonlight night. The murder was so expected; there was so obvious a motive . . . but there was certain evidence . . .

*What that evidence was, and what happened to Miss Minerva will be found in the June issue of*

# BRITANNIA

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889. Linen Suit finished with buff collar and cuffs. In green, tan or saxe. 2 years' size **14/6**, rising **1/6** each size.

890. Floral "Duro" Frock and Knickers with Organdi at the neck and sleeves Ground colours: saxe, green or peach. Sizes: 16 to 26 ins. 16 ins. size, **20/-**, rising **1/-** each size of 2 ins.

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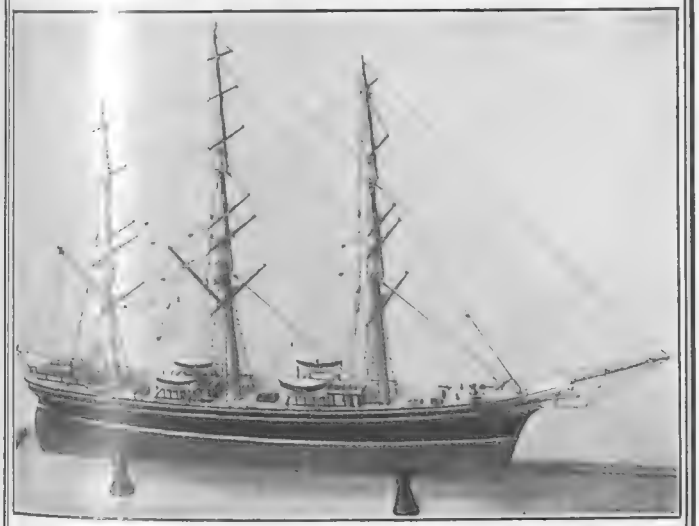
# "CUTTY SARK"

A NEW MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

A New Model by FRANK H. MASON of the famous "CUTTY SARK" has now been issued by the Sporting Gallery, as a sequel to the same artist-craftsman's "Thermopylæ." *The limited reproduction of the latter (25 in number) have all been sold, and are at a premium.* Twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, will be made of "Cutty Sark," and orders will be executed strictly in rotation as received at the price of Twenty-two Guineas each (packing and transport extra).

These pieces are produced to meet the demand for *true* models of the old Sailing Ships which shall do justice to the grace and beauty of the original vessels, and are works of exquisite charm. "Cutty Sark" is finished in black and copper, with gilt work as necessary. Fittings and blocks are of superior quality.

***An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.***

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

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**SECURE YOUR BARGAIN EARLY**

OUR summer sale of reliable furs in new designs for the coming Winter, made from selected skins, at a reduction of 25% off our usual wholesale prices, is an opportunity to secure real bargains. Purchases will be stored free and need not be paid for until required for wear.

**Sale Catalogue Post Free**

The model illustrated is an example of the bargains we are now offering. This attractive coat is of natural **GREY SQUIRREL** from whole skins, full furred, and perfectly matched. A thoroughly reliable, well made and beautifully finished garment

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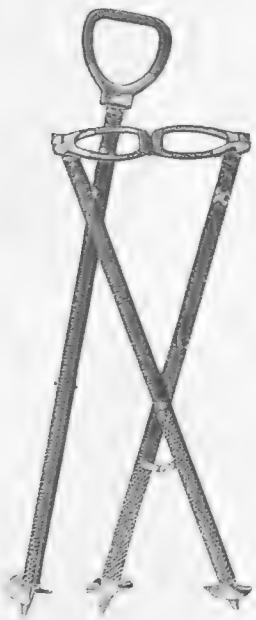

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## *Notice to Advertisers.*

Since January 1, the Editor of "The Bystander" has been Mr. Comyns Beaumont, who was the first Editor of the Paper.

The policy of the Editor in producing an improved "Bystander" has been amply justified and is having a far-reaching effect.

¶ THE BYSTANDER *is the most talked of Paper of the day and is making a host of new friends.*

¶ *Consequently, its circulation and its value to the Advertiser are increasing every week.*

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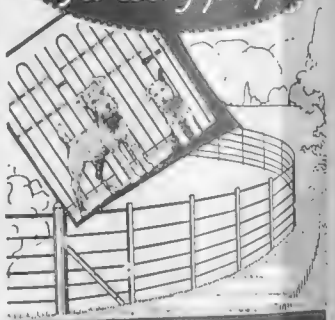

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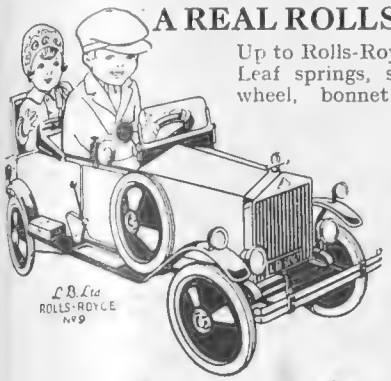


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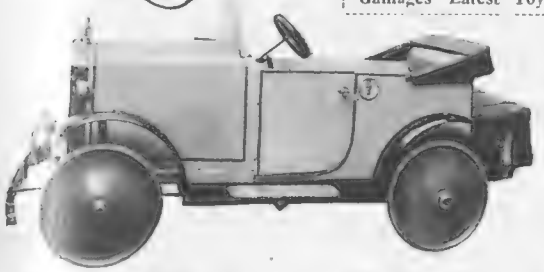

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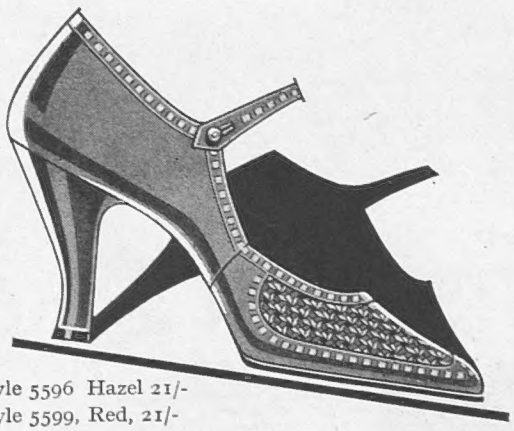

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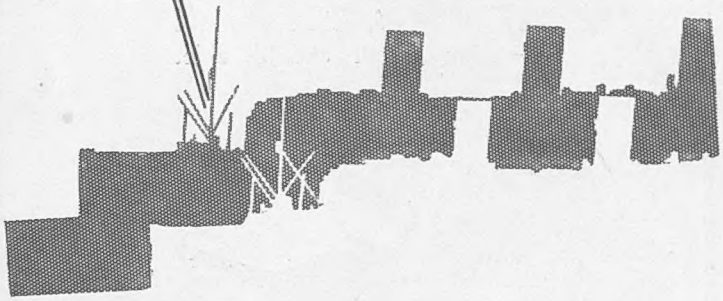

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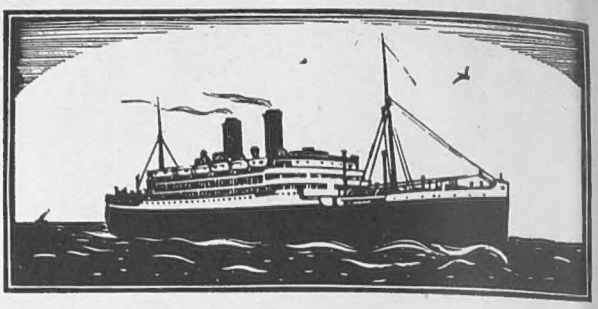

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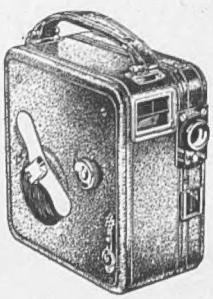

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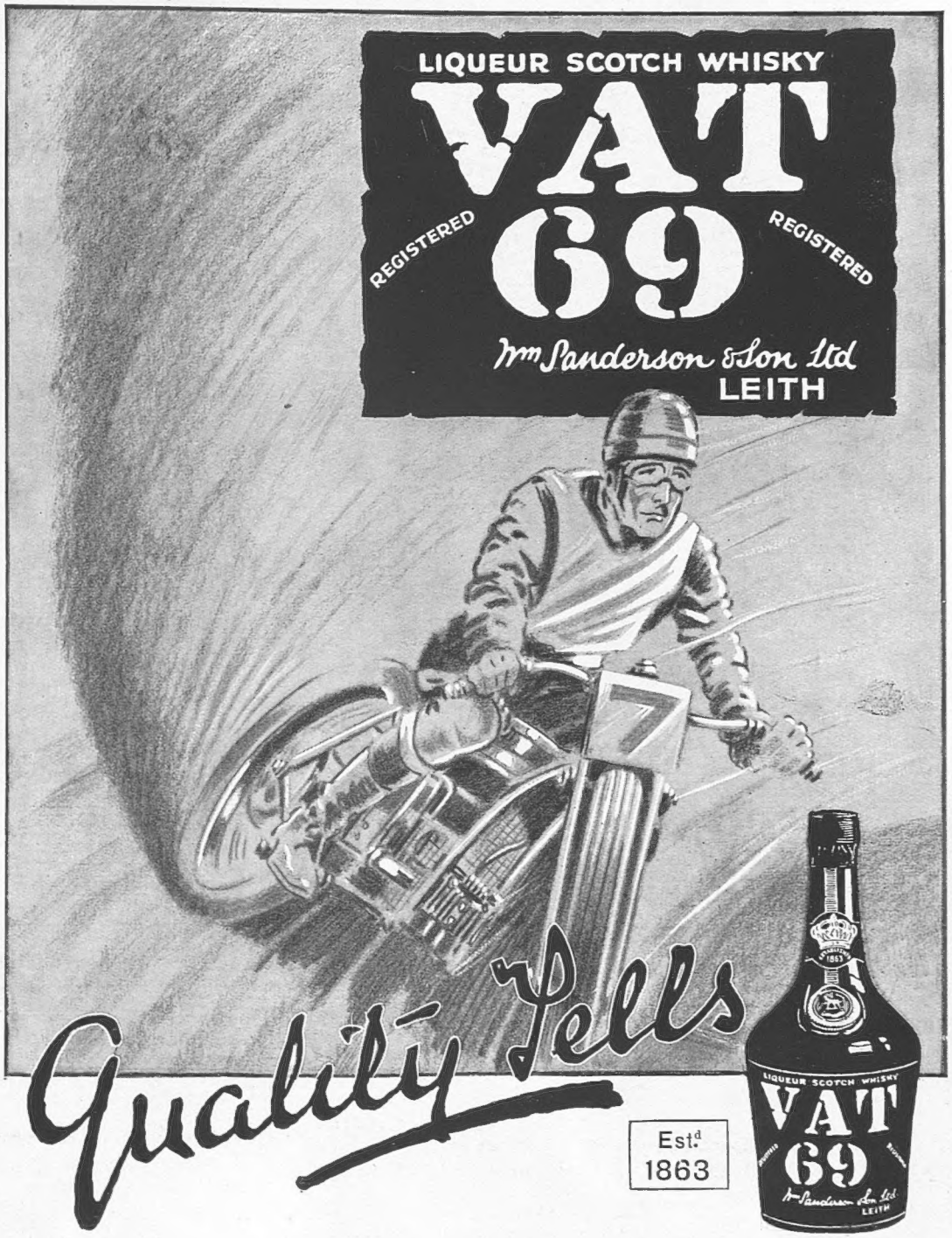


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Indigestion yields to *fluid* Magnesia.

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*—the Enthusiastic.*

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*The Marquis :* "Hurry up! Man alive—the horses are at the post! You're a hundred yards from the ring."

*Sir Edward :* "Don't excite yourself, Bob. I'm just wiring my Agent £100 each way."

*The Marquis :* But you won't be on—in the first place, it's after the advertised time of the race; and secondly, no Agent will take £100 each way now."

*Sir Edward :* 'Guess again, Bob! Haven't you heard of 'Duggie'?"

*The Marquis :* Yes. But I suppose he's the same as the others."

*Sir Edward :* "That's where you're wrong. He allows you to wire him up to the 'off,' and as regards amounts, he makes arrangements to suit your convenience."

*The Marquis :* "That sounds all right."

*Sir Edward :* "Yes, and what's more, I usually find starting prices better than the odds you can get on the course; besides which, you are sure to be on for a place."

*The Marquis :* "Excellent! Will 'Duggie' open an account for me?"

*Sir Edward :* "Certainly—all of my friends whom I have recommended to him are more than satisfied—*that's why I'm so enthusiastic about 'Duggie.'*"

*Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.*

**Douglas Stuart**

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